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THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC.

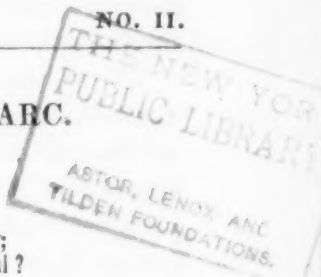
THE ASSAULT.

"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale;
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
He who first downs with the red cross, may crave
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"
Thus uttered Coumourg the dauntless vizier;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire: —
Silence — hark to the signal — fire.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

THE din of battle ended suddenly as it had commenced; the weary and discomfited forces of the islanders were now concealed behind their palisades, save here and there a solitary warder, pacing to and fro on the low bastions, his steel cap and spear-point flashing back the rays of the noontide sun. The long array of France, which had fallen orderly and slowly back without the flight of arrow or the range of ordinance, might be seen midway between the town and the works of the besiegers. Horses were picqueted, and outposts stationed along their front; while, their weapons stacked, their helmets unlaced, and their bodies cast leisurely on the ground, the troops enjoyed to the utmost their brief interval of truce. Camp fires had been lighted, and their smoke curled peacefully in fifty places towards the bright sky above them; sutlers had come out from the town, beeves had been slaughtered, wine casks broached, and without a sign of revelry or wild debauch the army feasted after their noonday strife.

At a short distance in advance of the line occupied by the main body of the forces, there stood a magnificent elm-tree, the only one in sight, which had risen to height sufficient to protect those beneath its shadow from the glare of a meridian sun. Immediately from under its roots a pure cold spring welled forth into a basin of stone, artificially, though roughly, hewn to receive its waters; and trickling thence in a small but limpid streamlet wound its way toward the distant river. Beneath this tree, and around the basin of the spring, a group of warriors were collected, whom the slightest glance might have discovered to be of no or-



dinary rank ; their splendid arms, their gallant steeds, led forth and backward by squires of gentle birth and gay attire, and their emblazoned banners pitched into the ground beside their place of rest, designated at once the leaders of the host.

A wide sheet of crimson damask had been spread out upon the turf ; *bottiaus* of leather or flasks of metal were plunged into the vivid waters to cool their rich contents ; goblets of gold, and dishes already ransacked, were mingled in strange confusion with sculptured helmets, jewelled poniards, and the hilts of many a two-handed blade cast on the sod in readiness to the grasp of its bold owner.

The visage of the king was flushed, and his eye sparkled with the intoxication, not of the grape, but of his recent victory ; nor did the brow of Dunois wear its wonted gravity ; gay words and boasts, rendered less offensive by their prowess of the morning, passed among the younger knights ; but on the lips of Joan there was no smile, and in her eye no flash ; steadfastly gazing on the heavens, she sate with a deep shade of melancholy on her chiselled lineaments, resembling rather some sad captive waiting the hour of her doom, than a prophetess whose words had been accomplished, — a warrior whose first field had been a triumph.

"Why lies so deep a shadow on the brow of our fair champion?" cried the youthful monarch ; "in such an hour as this sadness is ominous, and open melancholy — treason ! Cheer thee, bright being — the king drinks to his preserver !" and, suiting the action to the word, he filled a goblet with the mantling wine of Auvergnât, and tendered it to the silent maiden ; "One more carouse," he said, "and then to horse, to horse, and we will win the trenches of those dog Islanders ere the sun sinks on the lea !"

"And you are then determined," she replied in tones of sorrowful, not angry, import ; "and you are then determined to risk all — honor, life, victory, your country's hope, your people's happiness, by this mad haste, this rash and obstinate impiety ! I tell you now, as heretofore I told you, be patient and victorious — be rash, and infamy shall fall on you ; the infamy of flight, and terror, and defeat !"

"I am determined !" was the cool and somewhat haughty answer ; "I am determined to force those ramparts ere I sleep this night ; or under them to sleep that sleep which knows no earthly waking !"

"And thou shalt force those ramparts — wilt thou but tarry. Tarry till the shadows of this elm tree fall far eastward ; till the sun hath stooped within a hand's breadth of the horizon ; tarry till then, and thou shalt conquer — advance now, and, 'tis I that say it, I, Joan of Orleans — advance now, and thou shalt rue the hour !"

"Nay, maiden," replied Dunois, who hitherto had sate a silent though not uninterested, listener — "for once must I oppose thee, — to tarry would be but to give space to the troops of Bedford to shake off their

superstitious terror — to ours to lose their confidence of glory. To tarry is defeat — to advance, victory! — victory as surely as steel blade and silver hilt may hold together!"

"I say to thee, Dunois," she answered, "the ways of the Most High are not the ways of man! He who hath raised a peasant girl to be a royal leader, can turn defeat to victory, and triumph to most foul disaster. — Neither, if ye advance, as well I know ye will, shall the steel blade and silver hilt hold, as their wont, together! Seeing, thou shalt believe, and suffering, tremble!"

"Enough!" shouted the impatient king; "enough of this — sound trumpets, and advance!"

No further words were uttered, nor had one spoken could the import of his speech have been discovered, among the clanging of the trumpets, the wild shouts of the troopers hurrying to their ranks, the tramp of the cavalry, and the breathless din of the advance.

The maiden turned her dark eyes plaintively upward; she stretched her arms slowly apart, and with a gaze of mute appeal prayed silently! Her brief orisons at an end, she too buckled her weapon to her side, laced her plumed helmet, and haughtily rejecting the proffered aid of Charles, vaulted, without the use of rein or stirrup, into her steel-bound demipique.

The host was already in motion — marching in four solid columns against the besiegers' lines; the knights and men at arms dismounted from their destriers, crowding the front, on foot, with mace, and battle-axe, and espaldron, instead of lance and pennon; their hoods of mail drawn closely over their crested helmets, their small triangular bucklers flung aside, and each protected from the missiles of the British by his huge *pavesse* of polished steel without device or bearing, six feet in height and three in breadth, borne by his squire before him. Behind this powerful mass came on the pioneers with axe and mattock, faggots and piles, to undermine the walls, ladders to scale their summits, and mantelets of plank covered with newly severed hides, huge machines, beneath the protection of which to labour at the walls in safety. In the rear the light-armed followed, archers, and crossbowmen, and javelineers, and slingers. It was, indeed, a host to strike dismay into the hearts of the defenders, as it advanced steadily and silently, with the deep silence of resolve right onward to the bastion.

At the head of the right-hand column rode the monarch, that to his left commanded by Dunois — Gaucourt, and De la Hire leading the others; and the maiden, who had refused to serve save as a private lance, riding in sullen apathy beside the bridle hand of the bold bastard. At a short mile's distance the columns halted, while Dunois and the leaders galloped forward, confident in their coats of plate, to reconnoitre the position of the heavy ordnance, the effects of which they had too terribly experienced to endure without an effort at avoidance a second discharge,

which to troops in solid column must have carried certain destruction. Boldly they performed their duty, dashing up to within twenty paces of the outworks, under a storm of bolts and shafts, that rattled against their armour as closely, but as harmlessly, as hail-stones on a castle wall. Two batteries were at once discovered, and as the rude artillery of that day, placed, when about to be discharged, on motionless beds of timber, and dragged, when on the march, by teams of oxen, could not be made to traverse or command any other points than those on which it had been previously laid, there was but little fear of so arranging the advance as to avoid their fatal fire. Still as he returned the last from his reconnoissance, Dunois was ill at ease. "There should be yet another," he muttered, "and to encounter it were certain ruin. A murrain on that wily Regent; now hath he masked it cunningly!"

But there was no space for further parley; with the bray of the trumpets, and the deep clang of the kettle-drum, the signal for the charge was given; the soldiery of France deployed from column into line, and with a quickened step and levelled weapons rushed forward to the assault. At the distance of some fifty paces from the works of the besiegers the ground was rugged and broken, the channel of a dry rivulet running the whole length of their front, its banks scattered with blocks of stone, and thickly planted with thorny shrubs. The troops, which had been formed obliquely to avoid the fire of the artillery, had advanced into this difficult pass before they were well aware of its existence, and before meeting with any opposition from the enemy. The most broken ground had been selected by Dunois as the point of attack, hoping by that means to escape the range not only of the two batteries, which, having been discovered, he had already guarded against, but that of a third which had been so cunningly masked as to defy the closest observation. Well, however, as this had been devised, it so fell out that the column of the King, which, partly through the obstinacy of the royal chief, and partly from the ill-advice of leaders jealous of the gallant bastard, had failed to deploy with the remainder of the host, advanced blindly in its crowded ranks upon the very muzzles of the concealed ordnance. Hitherto not a symptom of resistance had appeared; not a man had been seen upon the English ramparts; not a banner was displayed, not a trumpet blown. But at this instant, — when the line had been compelled to halt, within half bow-shot of the bastions, while the pioneers with axe and mattock were clearing the ground in their front, — at this instant the wailing note of a single bugle rang from within the works. Ere the signal had well reached the assailants, the rampart was thronged from end to end with thousands of the green-frocked archery of England; again the bugle was winded, and at that brief distance the cloth-yard shafts fell in one continuous volley, darkening the air with their numbers, and almost drowning the shouts of the battle with their incessant whizzing. Close, however, as they fell and bodily, each ar-

row there was aimed at its peculiar mark ; and each, with few exceptions, was buried feather-deep in the breast of a French skirmisher. It was in vain that they replied to that blighting volley with cross-bow bolt and javelin, no missiles could compete with that unrivalled archery ; the advance was strewn upon the ground in heaps of slaughtered carcasses, the host wavered and was about to fly — but then arose the trumpet-like shout of Dunois.

“ On ! on ! Orleans — Orleans to the rescue ! — close up — close up even to the palisades, it is but a distance that their shot is deadly.”

And, seconding his words by deeds, the powerful knight rushed forth, bearing his pavesse high on his left arm, and his massive axe sweeping in circles round his head — a dozen arrows struck him on the crest and corslet and glanced off harmlessly — on he rushed, though every step was planted on a writhing corpse, and none came on to second him — he reached the base of the rampart, his axe smote on the timbers of the palisade, and down came stones and beams, and shaft and javelin, ringing and rattling upon his heavy shield and panoply of proof ; yet he heeded them no more than the oak heeds the thistle-down that floats upon the summer wind. Valour, like terror, is contagious ; with a mighty effort a dozen knights broke through the throng of their own disordered soldiery, and forced their way to the side of the bold bastard — but not like him, unharmed — an arrow skilfully directed against the visor of young Delaserre shot through the narrow aperture and clove his brain ; a ponderous axe, hurled from the hand of Salisbury, crashed through the cervelliere of Montmorency, as though it were a bowl of crystal ; yet still undauntedly they hurried on — and now they joined their leader. The dust already eddying upward, the heavy masses of wood and timber, that rolled down beneath his ponderous blows, shewed that his attack was prosperous as it was gallant. The din of blows given and taken, hand to hand, between or above the broken palisades, was mingled with the hurtling of the arrows, the shouts or cries of the fierce combatants.

“ On ! on ! ” the voice of Dunois rose again above the confusion — “ on ! on ! the breach is opened ! — Orleans and victory ! ” but as he spoke, a stone heavier than any yet hurled against him, fell from a huge machine full on his lifted pavesse ; his arm fell powerless by his side, and the tall warrior reeled backward from the breach, dizzy and helpless as a child — but yet more evil was the fate of his companions ; one dropped, crushed out of the very form of humanity, by the same stone ; and then a flood of boiling oil was showered upon the heads of the weak and wearied remnant.

“ St. George for merry England — forward brave hearts, and drive them from our palisades ! ” and with the word Bedford and Huntingdon leaped down with axe and espaldron, while many a youthful aspirant rushed after them in desperate emulation. The gallant Dunois roused like a wearied war-horse to the fray, fought fearlessly and well ; yet his

blows fell no longer, as was their wont, like hammers on the anvil — his breath came thick, the sweat rolled in black drops through the bars of his vizor ; he staggered beneath the blade of Bedford. At this perilous moment a roar, louder than the ocean in its fury, louder than the Alpine avalanche, burst on their senses. "God aid the king," cried Dunois, even in this extremity careless of his own peril — "it is the British ordnance."

The smoke rolled like a funeral pall over the fray, that still raged beneath it ; and a mingled clamour, as of thousands in agony and despair, smote on the ears and appalled the hearts of the half-conquered Frenchmen. The column of the King had advanced upon the very muzzles of the ordnance, after with heavy loss from the archery they too had passed the channel of the stream, and had but narrowly escaped annihilation. A mounted messenger came dashing through the strife, "Draw off your men, Dunois," he shouted from a distance ; "draw off — no victory to-day !"

But he shouted to no purpose, for the bold ear which he addressed was for a space sealed in oblivion deep as the grave, — his well-tried sword had shivered in his grasp — stunned by the sweeping strokes of Bedford, he had fallen, and must there have perished, had not a young knight in azure panoply bestridden him, and battled it right gallantly above his senseless form.

It was the maiden ! Fresh and unwearied she sprang to the strife from which she had refrained before, and he, her terrible antagonist, the unvanquished Bedford, reeled before her blows.

Gathering himself to his full height as he retreated from the sway of her two-handed blade, he struck a full blow with his axe upon her crest, and again the treacherous helm gave way — her dark hair streamed on the wind, and her eagle eye met his, with an unblenching gaze — at the same point of time an arrow grazed her neck, and quivered in the joint of her gorget.

"Fly ! fly !" shouted the crowd behind her, who had again rallied during her combat with the regent — "fly, fly ! the Maid is slain !"

"Fly not — vile cravens — fly not ;" she cried in tones clearer than human, as she pressed bare-headed after the retreating Bedford — "Fly not — the time hath come, and victory is ours ! — Joan ! Joan to the rescue ! — Victory — God sends — God sends us victory ! The sun is in the west, our toils are ended !"

At her high voice, many an eye was turned toward the western horizon, and her well-remembered prophecy cheered their faint hearts and nerved their faltering courage. The day had been spent, had been forgotten in the fearful strife, and the sun was hanging like a shield of gold a hand's breadth high in the horizon. Like wild-fire in the stubble-field the clamor spread — "Heaven fights for France — Victory ! — God sends us victory !" and still, at the cry, they pressed onward with renewed vigor to the breach. It was in vain that Salisbury and Talbot

strove — that Bedford plied his axe, taking a mortal life at every blow — for a panic, a fatal superstitious panic, had seized on their victorious countrymen. At every charge of the encouraged Frenchmen — at every repetition of the cry “Heaven fights for France,” they shrunk back timid and abashed — and it was of necessity, though with evident reluctance, that the leaders of the English war gave orders to withdraw the men from the sally, and trust only to the defence of their entrenchments.

There was a brief pause — a silence like that which precedes the burst of the thunder-cloud, as Joan arrayed her followers — “Forward,” she cried, “and conquer — Heaven has given us the strength — the valor — and the victory! Forward and conquer!” and with the word, the living torrent was let loose against the breach. It was but a girl — a weak bare-headed girl — that led them, mingling in deadly strife with the best champions of the day — yet superstition and success were stronger than the shield or crested casque. Her cry struck terror to the hearts of the defenders; her sword was scarcely parried in its sweeping blows; her foot was planted on the summit of the breach; her sacred banner floated above her head. From point to point her prophecy had been accomplished; the sun had sunk in the west, and his last rays had shone upon the triumph of the French — upon the rout, the carnage, and the desolation of their island foemen.

 SONNET.

 WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.

As musing pensive in my silent home
 I hear far off the sullen ocean's roar,
 Where the rude wave just sweeps the level shore,
 Or bursts upon the rock, with whitening foam, —
 I think upon the scenes my life has known,
 On days of sorrow, and some hours of joy,
 Both which, alike, Time could so soon destroy!
 And now they seem a busy dream alone;
 While on the earth exists one single trace
 Of all that shook my agitated soul;
 As on the beach new waves for ever roll,
 And fill their past forgotten brother's place,
 But I, like the worn sand, exposed remain
 To each new storm, which frets the angry main.

L.

AMERICAN BATTLE SONG.*

I.

Hail, sons of gen'rous valor,
 Who now embattled stand,
 To wield the brand of strife and blood
 For Freedom and the land.
 And hail! to him your laurelled chief,
 Around whose trophied name,
 A nation's gratitude has twined
 The wreath of deathless fame.

II.

Now round your gallant leader,
 Your iron phalanx form,
 And throw like Ocean's barrier rocks
 Your bosoms to the storm;
 Though wild as ocean wave it rolls,
 Its fury shall be low,
 For justice guides the warrior steel,
 And vengeance strikes the blow.

III.

High o'er the gleaming columns
 The bannered star appears
 And proud amid the martial band
 His crest the eagle rears;
 And long as patriot valour's arm
 Shall win the battle's prize,
 That star shall beam triumphant,
 That eagle seek the skies.

IV.

Then, on, ye daring spirits;
 To danger's tumults now!
 The bowl is filled, and wreathed the crown
 To grace the victor's brow —
 And they who for their country die,
 Shall fill an honored grave;
 For glory lights the soldier's tomb,
 And beauty weeps the brave!

J. R. D.

* The eagerly expected 'Remains' of Dr. Drake, noticed in our last Number, being not yet ready for the press, we are happy to have it in our power to give another original poem from the collection, previous to its publication.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SCENES IN THE LEVANT.

SMYRNA, APRIL, 1835.

My Dear * * *,

I have just arrived at this place, and I live to tell it. I have been three weeks performing a voyage usually made in three days. It has been tedious beyond all things; but, as honest Dogberry would say, if it had been ten times as tedious, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all upon you. To begin at the beginning: on the morning of the 2d instant, I and my long-lost carpet-bag left the eternal city of Athens, without knowing exactly whither we were going, and sincerely regretted by Miltiades Panagotti, the garçon of the hotel. We wound round the foot of the Acropolis, and, giving a last look to its ruined temples, fell into the road to the Piræus, and in an hour found ourselves at that ancient harbour, almost as celebrated in the history of Greece as Athens itself. Here we took counsel as to further movements, and concluded to take passage in a caique to sail that evening for Syra, being advised that that island was a great place of rendezvous for vessels, and that from there we could procure a passage to any place we chose. Having disposed of my better half, (I may truly call it so, for what is man without pantaloons, vests and shirts, or "who is mindful of him?" I speak knowingly, for I had been a month without them, and found that without them I was less than nothing;) I say then, having disposed of my better half, I took a little sail-boat to float around the ancient harbour and muse upon its departed glories.

The day that I lingered there before bidding farewell, perhaps for ever, to the shores of Greece, is deeply impressed upon my mind. I had hardly begun to feel the magic influence of the land of poets, patriots, and heroes until the very moment of my departure. I had travelled in the most interesting sections of the country, and found all enthusiasm dead within me when I expected to have been carried away by the remembrance of the past: but here, I know not how it was, without any effort, and in the mere act of whiling away my time, all that was great, and noble, and beautiful in her history rushed upon me at once; the sun and the breeze, the land and the sea, contributed to throw a witchery around me; and in a rich and delightful frame of mind, I found myself among the monuments of her better days, gliding by the remains of the immense wall erected to enclose the harbour during the Peloponnesian war, and was soon floating upon

the classic waters of Salamis. If I had got there by accident, it would not have occurred to me to dream of battles and all the fierce panoply of war upon that calm and silvery surface. But I knew where I was, and my blood was up. I was among the enduring witnesses of the Athenian glory.

Behind me was the ancient city, the Acropolis, with its ruined temples, the tell-tale monuments of bye-gone days, towering above the plain; here was the harbour from which the galleys carried to the extreme parts of the then known world the glories of the Athenian name: before me was unconquered Salamis; here the invading fleet of Xerxes; there the little navy, the last hope of the Athenians; there the island of Egina, from which Aristides, forgetting his quarrel with Themistocles, embarked in a rude boat, during the hottest of the battle, for the ship of the latter; and there the throne of Xerxes, where the proud invader had stationed himself as spectator of the battle that was to lay the rich plain of Attica at his feet. There could be no mistake about localities; the details have been handed down from generation to generation, and are as well known to the Greeks of the present day as they were to their fathers. So I went to work systematically, and fought the whole battle through. I gave the Persians ten to one, but I made the Greeks fight like devils; I pointed them to their city, to their wives and children — I played Clara Fisher's part in one of her farces, where she comes in with a parcel of children tagging after her, and keeps telling them, "Sing out, young uns;" — I carried old Themistocles among the Persians like a modern Greek fire-ship among the Turks; I sunk ship after ship, and went on demolishing them at a most furious rate, until I saw old Xerxes clipping it off his throne, and the remnants of the Persian fleet scampering away to the tune of "devil take the hindmost." By this time I had got into the spirit of the thing, and moving rapidly over that water once red with the blood of thousands from the fair fields of Asia, I steered for the shore and mounted the vacant throne of Xerxes. This throne is on a hill near the shore, not very high, and as pretty a place as a man could have selected to see his friends whipped and keep out of harm's way himself; for you will recollect that in those days there was no gunpowder nor cannon balls, and consequently no danger from any of those chance shots which may kill the devil. I selected a particular stone, which I thought probably Xerxes, as a reasonable man, and with an eye to perspective, must have chosen as his seat on the eventful day of the battle; and on that same stone sat down to meditate upon the vanity of all earthly greatness. But, as the devil will have it, whenever I think of Xerxes, the first thing that presents itself to my mind is the couplet in the Primer —

"Xerxes the Great did die,
And so must you and I."

This is a very sensible stanza, no doubt, and worthy of always being

borne in mind ; but it was not exactly what I wanted. In vain I tried to drive it away. Like the wild Irish boy, who said " the more you call me, the more I wont come," the more I tried to drive it away, the more it stuck to me. I tried repeatedly, but all in vain. I railed at early education and resolved that acquired knowledge hurts a man's natural faculties, for if I had not received the first rudiments of education, I should not have been bothered with the cursed couplet, and should have been able to have done something on my own account. As it was, I lost one of the best opportunities ever a man had for moralizing ; and you, my dear —, have lost at least three pages. I give you, however, all the materials ; put yourself on the throne of Xerxes and do what you can, and may your early studies be no stumbling-block in your way. As for me, vexed and disgusted with myself, I descended the hill as fast as the great king did of yore, and jumping into my boat, steered for the farthest point of the Piræus — from the throne of *Xerxes* to the tomb of Themistocles.

I was prepared now to do something here. This was not merely a place where he had been ; I was to tread upon the earth that covered his bones ; here were his ashes ; here was all that remained of the best and bravest of the Greeks, save his immortal name. As I approached, I saw the large square stones that enclosed his grave, and mused upon his history : the deliverer of his country, banished, dying an exile, his bones begged by his repenting countrymen, and buried with peculiar propriety near the shore of the sea commanding a full view of the scene of his naval glory. For more than two thousand years the waves have almost washed over his grave, the sun has shone and the winds have howled over him ; while, perhaps, his spirit has mingled with the sighing of the winds and the murmur of the waters in moaning over the long captivity of his countrymen ; perhaps, too, his spirit has been with them in their late struggle for liberty, has hovered over them in the battle and the breeze, and is now standing sentinel over his beloved and liberated country. I approached as to the grave of one who will never die. His great name, his great deeds, hallowed by the lapse of so many ages ; the scenes — I looked over the wall with a feeling amounting to reverence, when, directly before me, the first thing I saw, the only thing I could see, so glaring and conspicuous that nothing else could meet the eye, was a tall, stiff, wooden head-stone, painted white with black letters, erected to the memory of an Englishman with as unclassical a name as that of John Johnson. My eyes were blasted with the sight ; I covered them with my hands ; I was ferocious ; I railed at him as if he had buried himself there with his own hands. What had he to do there ? I railed at his friends : why didn't they bury him in a dunghill ? Did they expect to give him a name by mingling him with the ashes of the immortal dead ? Did they expect to steal immortality like fire from the flint ? I dashed back to my boat, steered directly for the harbour,

gave sentiment to the dogs, and in half an hour was eating a most voracious and spiteful dinner. In the evening I embarked on board my little caique. She was one of the most rakish of that rakish description of vessels. I drew my cloak around me and stretched myself on the deck as we glided quietly out of the harbour; saw the throne of Xerxes, the island of Salamis, and the shores of Greece gradually fade from view; looked at the dusky forms of the Greeks in their capots, lying asleep around me; at the helmsman, sitting cross-legged at his post, apparently without life or motion; gave one thought to home, and fell asleep.

In the morning I began to examine my companions. They were in all a captain and six sailors, probably all part owners, and two passengers from one of the islands, not one of whom could speak any other language than Greek. My knowledge of that language was confined to a few rolling hexameters, which had stuck by me in some unaccountable way as a sort of memento of college days. These, however, were of no particular use, and consequently I was pretty much tongue-tied during the whole voyage. I amused myself by making my observations quietly upon my companions, as they did more openly upon me, for I frequently heard the word "Americanos" pass among them. I had before had occasion to see something of Greek sailors, and to admire their skill and general good conduct, and I was fortified in my previous opinion by what I saw of my present companions. Their temperance in eating and drinking is very remarkable, and all my comparisons between them and European sailors were very much in their favour. Indeed I could not help thinking as they sat collectively, Turkish fashion, around their frugal meal of bread, caviari and black olives, that I had never seen finer men. Their features were regular, in that style which we recognize to this day as Grecian; their figures good, and their faces wore an air of marked character and intelligence; and these advantages of person were set off by the island costume, — the fezora red cloth cap with a long black tassel at the top, a tight vest and jacket embroidered and without collars, large Turkish trowsers coming down a little below the knee, legs bare, short pointed slippers, and a sash around the waist, tied under the left side with long ends hanging down, and a knife sticking out about six inches. There was something bold and daring in their appearance; indeed, I may say rakish and piratical about them, and I could easily imagine that if the Mediterranean should again become infested with pirates, my friends would cut no contemptible figure among them. But I must not detain you as long on the voyage as I was myself. The sea was calm; we had hardly any wind; our men were at the oars nearly all the time, and — passing slowly by Egina, Cape Sunium with its magnificent ruins mournfully overlooking the sea, better known in modern times as Colonna's Height and the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck, passing also the island of Zea, the

ancient Chios, Thermia, and other islands of lesser note—in the afternoon of the third day we arrived at Syra. With regard to Syra I shall say but little; I am as loath to linger about it now as I was to stay there then. The fact is I cannot think of the place with any degree of satisfaction. The evening of my arrival I heard, through a Greek merchant to whom I had a letter from a friend in Athens, of a brig to sail the next day for Smyrna; and I laid down on a miserable bed in a miserable “locanda” in the confident expectation of resuming my journey in the morning. Before morning, however, I was roused by “blustering Boreas” rushing through the broken casement of my window; and for more than a week all the winds ever celebrated in the poetical history of Greece were let loose upon the island. We were completely cut off from all communication with the rest of the world. Not a vessel could leave the port, while vessel after vessel was obliged to put in there for shelter. I do not mean to go into any details; indeed, for my own credit’s sake I dare not: for if I were to draw a true picture of things as I found them; if I were to write home the truth, I should be considered as utterly destitute of taste and sentiment; I should be looked upon as a most unpoetical dog, who ought to have been at home poring over the revised statutes instead of breathing the pure air of poetry and song. And now if I were writing what might by chance come under the eyes of a sentimental young lady, or a young gentleman in his teens, the truth would be the last thing I would then think of telling. No, though my teeth chatter, though a cold sweat comes over me when I think of it, I would go through the usual rhapsody and huzzah for “the land of the East and the clime of the Sun.” Indeed, I have a scrap in my portfolio, written with my cloak and great-coat on, and my feet over a brazier, beginning in that way. But to you my dear —, who know my *touching sensibilities*, and who moreover have a tender regard for my character and will not publish me, (?) I would as leave tell the truth as not. And I therefore do not hesitate to say, but do not whisper it elsewhere, that in one of the beautiful islands of the Ægean; in the heart of the Cyclades, in sight of Delos, and Paros, and Antiparos; any one of which is enough to throw one who has never seen them into raptures with their fancied beauties, that here, in this paradise of a young man’s dreams, in the middle of April, I would have hailed “chill November’s surly blast” as a zephyr; I would have exchanged all the beauties of this balmy clime for the sunny side of Kamschatka; I would have given my room and the whole island of Syra for third-rate lodgings in Communipaw. It was utterly impossible to walk out, and equally impossible to stay in my room; the house, to suit that delightful climate, being built without windows or window-shutters. If I could forget the island, I could remember with pleasure the society I met there. I passed my mornings in the library of Mr. R——, one of our worthy American missionaries; and my evenings at the house of Mr. W——, the Bri-

tish Consul. This gentleman married a Greek lady of Smyrna, and had three beautiful daughters, more than half Greeks in their habits and feelings: one of them is married to an English baronet, and another to a Greek merchant of Syra.

At length one day the wind fell, the sun once more shone brightly, and in the evening I embarked on board a rickety brig for Smyrna. At about six o'clock P. M., thirty or forty vessels were quietly crawling out of the harbour like rats after a storm. It was almost a calm when we started: in about two hours we had a favourable breeze; we turned in going at the rate of eight miles an hour, and rose with a strong wind dead ahead. We beat about all that day, the wind increased to a gale, and towards evening we took shelter in the harbour of Scio.

The history of this beautiful little island forms one of the bloodiest pages in the history of the world, and one glance told its dreadful history. Once the most beautiful island of the Archipelago, it is now a mass of ruins. Its fields, which once "bud and blossomed as the rose," have become waste places; its villages are deserted, its towns are in ruins, its inhabitants murdered, in captivity and in exile. Before the Greek revolution the Greeks of Scio were engaged in extensive commerce, and were perhaps among the largest merchants in the Levant. Though living under hard task-masters, subject to the exactions of a rapacious pacha, their industry and enterprize, and the extraordinary fertility of their island, enabled them to pay a heavy tribute to the Turks and to become rich themselves. For many years they had enjoyed the advantages of a college with professors of high literary and scientific attainments, and their library was celebrated throughout all that country; it was perhaps the only spot in Greece where taste and learning still held a seat. But the island was far more famed for its extraordinary natural beauty and fertility. Its bold mountains and its soft valleys, the mildness of its climate and the richness of its productions, bound the Greeks to its soil by a tie even stronger than the chain of their Turkish masters. In the early part of the revolution the Sciotes took no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty. Forty of their principal citizens were given up as hostages, and they were suffered to remain in peace. Wrapped in the rich beauties of their island, they forgot the freedom of their fathers and their own chains; and under the precarious tenure of a tyrant's will, gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of all that wealth and taste could purchase. We must not be too hard upon human nature; the cause seemed desperate; they had a little paradise at stake; and if there is a spot on earth, the risk of losing which could excuse men in forgetting that they were slaves in a land where their fathers were free, it is the island of Scio. But the sword hung suspended over them by a single hair. In an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, they were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon; fifty thousand Turks were let loose

like blood hounds upon the devoted island. The affrighted Greeks lay unarmed and helpless at their feet,—but they lay at the feet of men who did not know mercy even by name; at the feet of men who hungered and who thirsted after blood,—of men, in comparison with whom wild beasts are as lambs. The wildest beast of the forest may become gorged with blood; not so with the Turks at Scio. Their appetite “grew with what it fed on,” and still longed for blood when there was not a victim left to bleed. Women were ripped open, children dashed against the walls, the heads of whole families stuck on pikes out of the windows of their houses, while their murderers gave themselves up to riot and plunder within. The forty hostages were hung in a row from the walls of the castle; an indiscriminate and universal burning and massacre took place; in a few days the ground was cumbered with the dead, and one of the loveliest spots on earth was a pile of smoking ruins. Out of a population of 110,000, 60,000 are supposed to have been murdered, 20,000 to have escaped, and 30,000 to have been sold into slavery. Boys and young girls were sold publicly in the streets of Smyrna and Constantinople at a dollar a head. The heart sickens at the bare recital. And all this did not arise from any irritated state of feeling towards them. It originated in the cold blooded calculating policy of the Sultan, conceived in the same spirit which drenched the streets of Constantinople with the blood of the Janissaries; it was intended to strike terror into the hearts of the Greeks, but the murderer failed in his aim. The groans of their dying brethren reached the ears of their countrymen, and gave a headlong and irresistible impulse to the spirit then struggling to be free. And this bloody tragedy was performed in our own days, and in the face of the civilized world. Surely if ever heaven visits in judgment a nation for a nation's crimes, the burning and massacre at Scio will be deeply visited upon the accursed Turks.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed, and my landing was under peculiarly interesting circumstances. One of my fellow-passengers was a native of the island, who had escaped during the massacre, and now revisited it for the first time. He asked me to accompany him ashore, promising to find some friends at whose house we might sleep; but he soon found himself a stranger in his native island: where he had once known every body, he now knew nobody. The town was a complete mass of ruins; the walls of many fine buildings were still standing, crumbling to pieces, and still black with the fire of the incendiary Turks. The town that had grown up upon the ruins consisted of a row of miserable shantees occupied as shops for the sale of the mere necessities of life, where the shopman slept on his window-shutter in front. All my companion's efforts to find an acquaintance who would give us a night's lodging were fruitless. We were determined not to go on board the vessel if possible to avoid it: her last cargo had been oil, the odour of which still remained about her. The weather would not permit us

to sleep on deck, and the cabin was intolerably disagreeable. To add to our unpleasant position, and at the same time to heighten the cheerlessness of the scene around us, the rain began to fall violently. Under the guidance of a Greek we searched among the ruins for an apartment where we might build a fire and shelter ourselves for the night, but we searched in vain; the work of destruction was too complete. Cold, and thoroughly drenched with rain, we were retracing our way to our boat, when our guide told my companion that a Greek archeveque had lately taken up his abode among the ruins. We immediately went there and found him occupying apartments, partially repaired, in what had once been one of the finest houses in Scio. The entrance through a large stone gateway was imposing; the house was cracked from top to bottom by fire, nearly one half had fallen down, and the stones lay scattered as they fell; but enough remained to show that in its better days it had been almost a palace. We ascended a flight of stone steps to a terrace, from which we entered into a large hall perhaps thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. On one side of this hall the wall had fallen down the whole length, and we looked out upon the mass of ruins beneath. On the other side, in a small room in one corner we found the archeveque. He was sick, and in bed with all his clothes on according to the universal custom here, but received us kindly. The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead with a mattress, on which he lay with a quilt spread over him, a wooden sofa, three wooden chairs, about twenty books, and two large leather cases containing clothes, napkins, and probably all his worldly goods. The rain came through the ceiling in several places: the bed of the poor archeveque had evidently been moved from time to time to avoid it, and I was obliged to change my position twice. An air of cheerless poverty reigned through the apartment. I could not help comparing his lot with that of more favoured and perhaps not more worthy servants of the church. It was a style so different from that of the Priests at Rome, the Pope and his Cardinals, with their gaudy equipages and multitudes of footmen rattling to the Vatican; or from the pomp and state of the haughty English prelates, or even from the comforts of our own missionaries in different parts of this country, that I could not help feeling deeply for the poor priest before me. But he seemed contented and cheerful, and even thankful that for the moment there were others worse off than himself, and that he had it in his power to befriend them.

Sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes were served; and in about an hour we were conducted to supper in a large room also opening from the hall. Our supper would not have tempted an epicure, but suited very well an appetite whetted by exercise and travel. It consisted of a large chunk of bread and a large glass of water for each of us, caviari, black olives, and two kinds of Turkish sweetmeats. We were waited upon by two priests: one of them, a handsome young man not more than twenty, with

long black hair hanging over his shoulders like a girl's, stood by with a napkin on his arm and a pewter vessel, with which he poured water on our hands receiving it again in a basin. This was done both before and after eating; then came coffee and pipes. During the evening the young priest brought out an edition of Homer, and I surprized *him*, and astounded *myself*, by being able to translate a passage in the Iliad. I translated it in French, and my companion explained it in modern Greek to the young priest. Our beds were cushions laid on a raised platform or divan extending around the walls, with a quilt for each of us. In the morning, after sweetmeats, coffee and pipes, we paid our respects to the good old archeveque, and took our leave. When we got out of doors, finding that the wind was the same, and that there was no possibility of sailing, my friend proposed a ride into the country. We procured a couple of mules, took a small basket of provisions for a collation, and started.

Our road lay directly along the shore: on one side the sea, and on the other the ruins of houses and gardens, almost washed by the waves. At about three miles distance we crossed a little stream, by the side of which we saw a sarcophagus, lately disinterred, containing the usual vases of a Grecian tomb, including the piece of money to pay Charon his ferriage over the river Styx, and six pounds of dust; being all that remained, of a *man* — perhaps of a man who had filled a large space in the world — perhaps a hero — buried probably more than 2000 years ago. After a ride of about five miles we came to the ruins of a large village, the style of which would any where have fixed the attention, as having been once a favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together, strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left there during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant, with gardens of three or four acres, enclosed by high walls of the same kind of stone, and altogether in a style far superior to any thing I had seen in Greece. These were the country-houses and gardens of the rich merchants of Scio. The manner of living among the proprietors here was somewhat peculiar; and the ties that bound them to this little village peculiarly strong. This was the family home; the community was essentially mercantile, and most of their business transactions were carried on elsewhere. When there were three or four brothers in a family, one would be in Constantinople a couple of years, another at Trieste, and so on, while another remained at home; so that those who were away, while toiling amid the perplexities of business, were always looking to the occasional family reunion; and all looked to spend the evening of their days among the beautiful gardens of Scio. What a scene for the heart to turn to now. The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, others black with smoke and crumbling to ruins. But where were they who once occupied them? Where were they who should now be coming

out to rejoice in the return of a friend, and to welcome a stranger. An awful solitude, a stillness that struck a cold upon the heart, reigned around us. We saw nobody ; and our own voices, and the tramping of our mules upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. It was like walking among the ruins of Pompeii : it was another city of the dead : but there was a freshness about the desolation that seemed of to-day ; it seemed as though the inhabitants should be sleeping and not dead. Indeed, the high walls of the gardens, and the outside of the houses too, were generally so fresh and in so perfect a state, that it seemed like riding through a handsome village at an early hour before the inhabitants had risen ; and I sometimes could not help thinking, that in an hour or two the streets would be thronged with a busy population. My friend continued to conduct me through the solitary streets ; telling me, as we went along, that this was the house of such a family, this of such a family, with some of whose members I had become acquainted in Greece, until, stopping before a large stone gate-way, he dismounted at the gate of his father's house. In that house he was born, there he had spent his youth ; he had escaped from it during the dreadful massacre, and this was the first time of his revisiting it. What a tide of recollections must have rushed upon him. We entered through the large stone gate-way, into a court-yard beautifully paved in mosaic, in the form of a star, with small black and white round stones. On our left was a large stone reservoir, perhaps twenty-five feet square, still so perfect as to hold water, with an arbour over it supported by marble columns ; a venerable grape-vine completely covered the arbour.

The garden covered an extent of about four acres, filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees ; overrun with weeds, roses, and flowers, growing together in wild confusion. On the right was the house, and a melancholy spectacle it was ; the wall had fallen down on one side, and the whole was black with smoke. We ascended a flight of stone steps with marble balustrades, to the terrace, a platform about twenty feet square overlooking the garden. From the terrace we entered the saloon, a large room with high ceilings, fresco paintings on the walls ; the marks of the fire kindled on the stone floor still visible, all the wood-work burnt to a cinder, and the whole black with smoke. It was a perfect picture of wanton destruction. The day, too, was in conformity with the scene ; the sun was obscured, the wind blew through the ruined building, it rained, was cold and cheerless. What were the feelings of my friend I cannot imagine : the houses of three of his uncles were immediately adjoining ; one of these uncles was one of the forty hostages, and was hung ; the other two were murdered ; his father, a venerable looking old man, who came down to the vessel when we started, to see him off, had escaped to the mountains, from thence in a caique to Ipsara, and from thence into Italy. I repeat it, I cannot imagine what were his feelings ; he spoke but little ; they must have been too

deep for utterance. I looked at every thing with intense interest, I wanted to ask question after question, but could not, in mercy, probe his bleeding wounds. We left the house and walked out into the garden. It showed that there was no master's eye to watch over it; I plucked an orange which had lost its flavour, the tree was withering from want of care; our feet became entangled among weeds and roses, and rare hot-house plants growing wildly together. I said that he did not talk much; but the little that he did say amounted to volumes. Passing a large vase in which a beautiful plant was running wildly over the sides, he murmured indistinctly "the same vase," (*le même vase*,) and once he stopped opposite a tree, and turning to me, said, "this is the only tree I do not remember." These and other little incidental remarks showed how deeply all the particulars were engraved upon his mind, and told me, plainer than words, that the wreck and ruin he saw around him harrowed his very soul. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? this was his father's house, the home of his youth, the scene of his earliest, dearest, and fondest recollections. Busy memory, that source of all our greatest pains as well as greatest pleasures, must have pressed sorely upon him, must have painted the ruined and desolate scene around him in colours even brighter, far brighter, than they ever existed; it must have called up the faces of well known and well loved friends; indeed, he must have asked himself in bitterness and in anguish of spirit, "the friends of my youth! where are they?" while the fatal answer knocked at his heart, — gone, murdered, in captivity and in exile.

THE TREASON OF GANELON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

Continued.

10

Alone, without or ornament or taste,
 Morgana came; as she was used of late.
 When all the other fays were come and placed,
 And had already opened their debate,
 Her locks dishevell'd without care or haste
 She appeared, in squalid and neglected state.
 She had put on the self-same dress again,
 As when by Roland she* was chased, and ta'en.

* See the Rolando Inamorato; canto 38, st. 19. She wore upon that occasion, *vestimento bianco e vermiglio*.

11

The grand assembly sate in mournful mood
 And did affect the lowest seats to take.
 It seemed as though within their breasts they brewed
 Deep thought, with downcast eyes, and nought they spake,
 But stupor still their lips together glued,
 Till thus Alcina the dread silence brake;
 Yet not e'en she, till once or twice she had flung
 Her looks around, and then unchained her tongue.

12

"Seeing this injured lady, standing mute
 "By duress of an oath she must fulfil,
 "Dare's not complain or prosecute her suit
 "For vengeance of old wrongs, which rankle still,
 "The more it doth behove us all to moot
 "Her cause, made common cause of good and ill
 "'Twixt her and all of us, and 'tis our task
 "To give her that redress she may not ask.

13

"The how, the where, it needs not to recount
 "Of things notorious as the noon-day light,
 "How many ways and times (which doth amount
 "To our own shame) Orlando did despite
 "To Morgue the fay, beginning from the fount
 "Where he the dragon* and the bulls did smite,
 "Down to his seizure of the chiefest joy
 "She had on earth, Gillian† the fair-hair'd boy.

14

"I rather speak of that which ye not know
 "Or if some do, the rest have yet to hear.
 "I know it surely, for I chanced to go
 "Unto Morgana's lake this very year,
 "When some of her attendant maidens (tho'
 "Not with herself I parley'd) to mine ear
 "The knowledge did impart, which it is meet
 "That I, her friend and sister, should repeat.

15

"One thing 'twere well to make precise and plain
 "To which my late allusions were but loose.
 "After Orlando had my sister ta'en
 "And wrought her grief, and spoil, and much misuse,
 "He still tormented her, till she was fain
 "To take the oath, that oath‡ which no excuse
 "Permits to break, not e'en if we declare
 "That force and mere compulsion made us swear.

* See this adventure in the *Orl. Inam.* of Berni, c. 24, st. 33, to the end.

† Gigliante or Ziliante is mentioned in *Orl. Fur.* c. 19, st. 38. He was son of Monodante, king of the distant Islands, whose seat of government was in the isle of Danogir. *Orl. Inam.* 38 23, 39 51, 40 48. His liberation by Orlando is related in the 42d Canto of Berni.

‡ It was administered in these terms—

— Lo mai non te lascio ire,
 Se tu non mi prometti e non mi giuri,
 Per quel demogorgon ch'e sopra voi
 Ch'io sia securi dagli oltraggi tuoi. — *Orl. Inam.* 42, 28.

16

" 'Tis no particular and private wrong
 " But doth offend against the general right,
 " And if it did to her alone belong
 " Still, to revenge it, we should all unite,
 " Nor be it ever said there was, among
 " Sisters and friends, her battle none to fight.
 " Doth she refuse ? consider, I beseech,
 " Her inward heart's desire and not her speech.

17

" Injustice tamely borne not only stoops
 " To weakness, and a spirit vile and brute,
 " Not only from our kingdom's trunk it scoops
 " The core by which it stands, our proud repute,
 " But breeds fresh wrong, and brings on us whole troops
 " Of enemies, as bad, and worse to boot.
 " Both to requite the past —is vengeance due—
 " And as a shield from future injuries too."

18

She went discoursing on, to exhort the fays
 To vindicate their general affront,
 And if I hitched the whole into my lays
 Day would not light me to the reading on't.
 She wished to serve (I grudge her not the praise.)
 Morgana and the rest, as she was wont,
 But sought her own, for that I must maintain,
 More than Morgana's or the fairies' gain.

19

Alcina could not pluck it from her heart
 That thus Ruggiero should have from her fled,
 Nor, whether love or anger the more part
 Had in her, day and night, could she have said ;
 And insomuch more cruel was her smart
 That to speak of it was inhibited,
 For that whereof she inwardly repined
 Was done by other of the Fairy kind.

20

And if she gave her sorrow it's true name
 The fairy* Logistilla it would accuse,
 Whereas each other, when they meet, to blame
 Is not allow'd, nor do the fairies use—
 But much she parley'd of Morgana's shame,
 Of vengeance prompt and not an hour to lose,
 Content all mention of herself to smother,
 Since what would serve the one must serve the other.

21

She added that since common blame accrued
 Unto them, from Morgana's suffering,

* The battle between Alcina and Logistilla, and the liberation of Ruggiero by the latter, may be read in the 10th b. of *Orl. Fur.* Logistilla and her four attendants, Andronica, Fronesia, Dicilla, and Sofrosina are clearly Reason, Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, and Temperance; and Alcina must consequently stand for Pleasure. It is astonishing that any poet should mar an amusing tale with the intolerable dulness and frigidity of moral personification.

So should they shape their vengeance to include
 Not the Count only who had done this thing,
 But every one of all that martial brood
 O'er whom the royal eagle waves his wing.
 So she proposed ; and hopes did entertain
 That way her lost Ruggiero to regain.

22

She knew he was in Charles's court enlisted,
 A Paladin, and had embraced the rood.
 While as he in the Pagan creed persisted,
 She felt more hopes of him, than now she could,
 For 'twas in vain to assail him unassisted,
 While in the armour of the Faith he stood.
 She durst not venture singly to attack
 The man who bore such harness on his back.

23

Therefore she cherish'd hatred and disdain,
 Stern enmity and fury never-ending,
 Against his barons, against Charlemagne,
 And all the nations on his throne attending
 Throughout the West ; resistance, to make vain
 Her purpose, from their goodness apprehending.
 Ruggier to conquer back she saw no chance
 Save in the ruin of the lord of France.

24

The monarch* and his nephew she detested,
 Because they were the upholding pillars strong
 From which young Ruggier could not be molested,
 Nor feel the o'erpowering force of magic song.—
 When from Alcina's tale their ears had rested
 'Twas but to listen to another wrong ;
 For Fallerina† mourned her dragon killed
 And garden of delight with ruin filled.

25

Now Fallerine had made her piteous moan
 And all her claims recited word for word,
 And Dragontina to relate her own,
 Into the lists of pleading warfare spurred,
 And there the audacious rapine she made known,
 How Astolf,‡ and, of those who with him herd,
 Some boon companion, had with the strong hand,
 Borne all her prisoners off from fairy-land.

* Odice l'imperator ; yet in canto 2, st. 63, he informs us that Charles was not yet Emperor, so daring is his contempt of all history and chronology, even *his own*.

† For the destruction of Fallerina's paradise, see *Orl. Inam.* from 32, 54 ; to 34, 18.

‡ The story is told in the *Orl. Inam.* c. 14, st. 45-57 ; but the exploit was more Angilia's than Astolfo's.

LE CROIX D'HONNEUR.

A LEAF FROM MY "LOG-BOOK."

THERE are few places on the habitable globe that offer a finer study of character — a greater field to observe the peculiarities of the people — or a more inexhaustible fund of divertisement, than the Boulevards of Paris. A morning's promenade through those ever-crowded avenues will discover a greater variety of feature and costume than any picture gallery can show ; and it seems as though every clime, calling, and trade, there exhibited its representative — presenting a scene at once unequalled and unrivalled.

Passing one day through that animated scene, fatigued in body as I was weary in mind, I came to a cabriolet stand, and my attention was attracted by a "croix d'honneur" dangling from the breast of a "vieux moustache," who, enveloped in a grey watch-coat of many campaigns, and snugly ensconced in his old rickety cabriolet, was indulging in a quiet snooze — dreaming, no doubt,

Of flood and field,
And battles nobly won.

He wore a patch over one eye ; and a deep gash in one cheek told the "dangers he had passed : " an old forage-cap covered his head, the visor of which shaded a face that one day had just pretensions to manly beauty. His horse was cornering a vagrant spire of straw, which he greedily devoured — answering the purpose of a provocative to the dinner he was destined only to dream of — never to realize. The diet of the animal was evidently of the anti-dyspeptic order ; and, judging from his *hoops*, empty barrels must have been a prominent item in his bill of fare ! His india-rubber-like skin was relieved at intervals by patches of grisly-grey hair, answering as relics of what once served as a coating, before old Time shook off the nap and left the garment thread-bare. His appearance was not unlike the celebrated Rosinante of Don Quixote, or the no less distinguished charger of Dr. Syntax ; in a word, he was a "gone horse," and one eye, like his master's, "was sot." The trappings were in excellent keeping — but the individual particulars convey but a slight idea of the complex image.

My curiosity became at once excited to know something about the *distinguished personage*, and the no less conspicuous decoration of the "croix d'honneur." In order to gratify it, I resolved to take a drive, and accordingly roused the *proprietor* from his slumber. His hand stole up mechanically to his cap as I called him, thus giving an involuntary

salute à la militaire, the next moment I took my seat, and off we started, to the no small amusement of the by-standers. The animal moved off on three legs, the fourth, being a little rheumatic, lagged behind; the fore part of his body had the motion of a trot, and the hind part that of a gallop, a movement altogether new to me; his head projected in front, in a right line with his back and tail, which was as smooth as a pump-handle. The *vieux moustache* was at first very considerate in the use of his whip, and the consequence was we had abundant time to gaze and be gazed at. After a complimentary remark on the equipment and order of his vehicle, I introduced the subject of Napoleon's genius and glorious fame; but no sooner did I touch that chord than his whole system vibrated with high excitement, and he ran through the history of his eventful life with the ease and grace of the most eloquent orator. He had followed Napoleon through nearly all his campaigns, and received the "*croix d'honneur*" as a reward for his gallant daring on the field of Wagram, where he left an eye to keep a look out for his right leg.

When he commenced the narrative, he was leaning back against the cushions, (which I verily believe were stuffed with ten-penny-nails!) and we were moving at a snail's pace; but as he proceeded, he became more animated, his cheek flushed, and his eye fired with enthusiasm enough to kindle the dying embers of expiring chivalry. Flourishing his whip, as he once did his sabre in the charge, he shouted "*allons, cabriolet! allons!*" The animal, *feeling* the inspiration, started off at the top of his speed, the *vieux moustache* flourishing his whip, and ever and anon crying out "*allons, cabriolet, allons!*" whilst I, convulsed with laughter, fed his excitement with the stimulating cry of "*vive Napoleon!*" Away we dashed, Gilpin-like, up the Boulevard, to the amazement of some and the danger of many. At last the animal came to a stand, ready to fall with the exertion. The *vieux moustache* took off his cap, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sunk back with perfect exhaustion, faintly articulating "*Cet un grand homme ce Napoleon.*" I thrust some *francs* into the *vieux sabreur's* pocket, which he refused to receive at first, and then continued on my promenade. I looked back once, and saw him grasping the decoration with one hand and pass the other quickly across his brow;—the next corner shut the *vieux moustache* and his "*croix d'honneur*" from my view.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE.*

Angers, 28th March, 1834.—You may, perhaps, be a little puzzled, my dear —, to know the place from which this is dated; but if you look up a map of France, and trace the course of the river Loire from Nantes upwards, you will find it about one third of the way from Nantes to Tours. It is an old Gothic city, of some thirty thousand inhabitants. As yet I have only seen it from my window, but from the specimen this furnishes me, it is a very odd and antiquated place. The fronts of the houses are formed of wood and stone singularly combined, or else covered like the steep gothic roofs, with slates, hanging in a loose and threatening manner over the heads of the foot-passengers below, and offering many vacancies to show that numbers have already fallen. Now, I can conceive nothing that would knock a man sooner out of the world than a slate falling appropriately on the top of his skull. My window, moreover, gives me a view of one of the towers and part of the other of the cathedral, and of a crowd of saints and martyrs rudely carved in stone, which line the whole façade. To-morrow I shall know more about it, and as it will be Good-Friday, I shall see the church to advantage. But I forgot to tell you what I am doing in this out-of-the-way place, and shut up in my room. You must know that I arrived at Nantes from Bordeaux three days ago, sadly fatigued by the ride, which continued more than forty hours, and thoroughly chilled by the damp sea-air of the coast along which we travelled. I found myself, moreover, with a dreadful pain in the back. I remained a day in Nantes, and loitered about the town to see the wonders, including a young Belgian giant eight feet high, and a very good-looking young fellow, whom I persuaded to go to America, that the young ladies there might have the benefit of seeing such a fine specimen of our sex. Moreover, I climbed to the top of the cathedral to enjoy the view of the city and its environs, and it was certainly a very fine one, my hand to my back all the while, and playing on the piano. In the evening I went to the theatre to see *Robert le Diable*, which, though no doubt very fine at Paris, is not much at Nantes. This over, I went to bed, which was quite a luxury after two nights' sitting bolt upright in a crowded diligence. Finding myself better the next morning, I started by the steam-boat for Angers, intending to take the diligence the same night for Paris. The weather

* The Letters, of which we have commenced the publication under this title, were never intended to appear in print; but if our readers are as much entertained as ourselves by the ease and spirit with which they are written, they will not think it impertinent that we thus occasionally share with them the contents of our private portfolio.

—Eds. A. M. M.

was damp, chilly, and decidedly English ; which affected me so much, coming from the almost summer heats of Spain, that it brought on a chill, attended, towards the close of the evening, by fever. I passed the whole day in the nasty, contracted, and ill-furnished place which was dignified by the name of saloon ; keeping as near the boiler as I could get, yet shivering with cold. As I sat in a corner, almost hidden in my cloak, I detected a couple of women amusing themselves at my expense. They were very ugly, and, no doubt, a pair of disappointed old creatures. Of the scenery of the river I saw little, except from the cabin windows. It seemed to have little more merit than French scenery generally has, though I was certainly in no mood to enjoy it, cold as I was, shivering, feverish, and the jest of old women. The banks were almost every where low and monotonous ; yet there was of course no want of vineyards, orchards, cultivated fields, and frequent villages upon the immediate banks of the stream ; whilst every eminence, however slight, was crowned by the antique forms of some baronial castle with its gothic towers, or by the chateau of some decayed, or perhaps disinherited nobleman, surrounded by its formal gardens and allies of clipped trees. On my arrival at Angers, I found myself much more fit to undress and go to bed than to eat dinner and take my seat for the night in the diligence ; so I took up my abode at the Pheasant Inn, had a rousing fire built, my bed warmed, and bundled myself into it. I sent, moreover, for a doctor, and presently received a visit from a very intelligent gentleman, who, after studying my symptoms, pronounced my sickness a case of *courbature*, a sort of muscular rheumatic fever brought on by exposure to cold. He ordered me a foot bath of a decoction of mustard, and frequent drafts of a ptisan, which I drank with a good will because I recognized in it some drink of herbs that was familiar to my boyish days ; and because sick, alone, and uncared for, it reminded me of a home where the wants which I had now to sue for at the hands of the busy, impatient, and heedless servants of an inn, would all have been anticipated. To-day I am nursing myself ; I have made an excursion to the kitchen, where the *chef de cuisine*, attended by several subalterns, is preparing the most friand and tempting dishes. I shall not venture beyond a bouillon. To-morrow I shall enjoy the full pleasures of the gastronomic art, and in the evening embark in the land-ship called a diligence, for Paris, where I will finish this letter.

Paris, 2d April.—Every thing happened at Angers just as I anticipated. The day after writing the above, I rose at an early hour, polished myself very nicely, and walked up to the cathedral. The morning was cold and raw, but my malady had passed off entirely, and my cloak furnished me with ample and sufficient protection. I had to climb a steep street, flanked by the most antique and grotesque houses, many of which, built of wood and stone singularly blended, were covered with

the oddest representations of men and animals. The cathedral is a very large ancient gothic building, having two beautiful spires which rise from the front. I had full leisure to examine the exterior ; for I found the doors all closed, and beset by an immense crowd of people who were disappointed in obtaining admittance. They were preaching the Passion of our Saviour, and the doors were closed to prevent confusion and disturbance. The crowd without consisted almost entirely of women, in high caps, very white and neatly plaited, called *cauchoise*, and shod with wooden shoes, which made a terrible clattering as they hurried through the cloisters from door to door. Their anxiety to get into the church seemed to be greatly increased by their exclusion, and they railed loudly against the trick which had been played them, without stopping to regret their own want of punctuality. "Il parait," said an old dame, who was the bearer of a pot of coals to provide for her temporal, whilst she was receiving spiritual, comfort, "que ces Messieurs ont peur qu'on les entend." The dissatisfaction was indeed so general, and so noisy, that these zealous devotees were at length admitted, as the readiest way of getting rid of them. They entered with a noise that sufficiently demonstrated the expediency of the restriction. I found the interior of the cathedral vast and grand, in accordance with the part without. There was an immense crowd assembled in the centre, about the pulpit, which was placed, as usual, against a column on the left as you look towards the altar. A young man was preaching with great warmth and zeal. I could not approach near enough to hear him continuously, but he was describing all the events of the last sufferings of our Saviour. He had been already preaching an hour, and had not yet commenced the application of the subject to his hearers. The building had a sombre appearance, suited to the season. The pictures and ornaments were all veiled in crape, except one large and striking picture of the elevation of the cross, which was placed at one side, a little in the rear of the pulpit. There, the Virgin, Mary Magdalen, the Apostles, and the stern executioners were all seen palpably, each with the appropriate sentiment which the occasion awakened, strongly expressed. Thus the eloquence of the painter aided that of the priest. I do not know that I was ever so strongly convinced of the propriety of having pictures in churches.

Leaving the cathedral I found my way to a famous promenade of the Angevins, called the *bout du monde*. It is a very elevated terrace planted with trees, and overlooking this most singular of towns with its environs, and a wide extent of the Loire with its fertile, highly cultivated, and populous shores. Immediately inside the promenade is the ancient castle of Angers, built of slate, with flanking towers, moats, drawbridge, and all the attributes with which romance loves to invest the scene of its ideal horrors. It was such a place as Sir Walter would have loved to linger round and describe, and would willingly have crossed the sea

to behold. Yet, will you believe it, I did not even go in, being immediately beside it. The truth is, the idea of breakfast just then occurring to me, became uppermost in my mind. I hurried down the hill, sought out the kitchen of the Pheasant, addressed a very polite allocution to the *chef*, who, in clean apron and cotton night-cap, was presiding over his *batterie de cuisine* with the genius of a Napoleon; and in a few moments, forgetting church, priest, and picture, the castle, the end of the world, and all that I had seen from it, I was absorbed in the delightful discussion of *cotelettes, fricandeaux, and omelettes*.

There is an awful grandeur in gothic architecture; there is a charm in the painter's art; there is an eloquence in the happy expression of fine ideas through the harmonious medium of sonorous and well-chosen words; there is a poetry that clings with the ivy to the towers and battlements of time-worn castles; and even a fine view contemplated from a commanding elevation is a thing not wholly without its attraction; but what are all these to the joy unspeakable which a glorious breakfast sheds abroad in the empty and craving stomach of the convalescent? The next event of importance in my life was the dinner that I ate that evening at half past five precisely. This over, I had courage and faith to remove mountains, much more to make a forty hours ride to Paris. I paid my bill, took an affectionate leave of the landlady, the chambermaid, and, above all, the cook, and soon after was lodged for the night in a snug corner of the diligence. We passed through many interesting places; La Fleche, Le Mans, both of gastronomic fame for the production of poultry, of which we brought more than a ton weight on the top of our coach; also Epernon, Maintenon, Rambouillet, Versailles, and Sèvres. I passed through all sleeping and waking by turns, and recollect nothing distinctly. It was just two as we entered Paris following the river, and crossing between the Champs Elysées and the Garden of the Tuilleries; it was Easter Sunday, and Lent was over; the crowds of gaily dressed walkers and the rush of equipages was immense; I never witnessed so brilliant a scene.

The night before last I heard Rubini the tenor, and Tamborini, both at the head of their line, for the first time; also the charming Grisi the Prima Donna, the silver-toned Ivanhoff, second tenor, and Santini. Last night I witnessed the reception of Taglioni on her return from London. She appeared in the *Sylphide*, a magical piece in which she enacts the character of a sylph. The scene is in Scotland, with Highland dresses, and occasionally Highland music in the dances of the whole *corps de ballet*. A young peasant is in love with a village girl, and is about to marry her. The day is appointed, the parties assembled, and the bride in her marriage dress, when the Sylph appears to the youth. She passes before him, having the wings of a butterfly, and moving as light as air. The youth is entranced; she too is in love with him; she moves off beckoning him to follow, and they escape together. The

confusion of the party, and the grief of the bride, who is Mademoiselle Noblet, amuse the spectator in the interim. But the happiness of the young peasant is not complete. The Sylph comes and goes most capriciously; disappearing by the chimney sometimes, sometimes sinking through the ground, and escaping through the air by the aid of her little wings. Weary at length with her caprices, he consults a witch, who is one of Macbeth's. There is a terrible scene of incantation, and the perfidious hag produces a gauze veil, which he is only to throw round her to secure her for ever. Now comes the closing scene. The Sylph and her lover meet; at length he surrounds her with the scarf. She is pleased at first with the acquisition, but presently is seized with a tremor. Her wings drop off; she loses her ethereal nature; her bosom heaves with anguish, and she gradually dies. All this is admirable, and full of eloquence, though there be no other language than the music which accompanies the whole. The terrified companions of the Sylph rush in; they place the body of their queen within the fatal scarf, converted into a bier, and carry her off to heaven. The peasant dies with anguish, and the curtain falls. The whole piece is accompanied with the most delightful music and truly magical effect of scenery.

I scarce know how to give you any idea of Taglioni's art: she does not perform more difficult parts than Noblet and others; but then she performs them without effort, and with an ease and grace that are perfectly natural. There is a gossamer life and lightness in all her movements, that would make one think to see her, that her excellence depended less on peculiar conformation and great muscular power, than on a total absence of all specific gravity. One is tempted to believe that she is indeed a sylph, a child of the skies, and that the laws of attraction, which drag all common mortals down to their mother earth, have no power over this ethereal being. For the rest, she is so delicate in her dress and movements, and there is such a perfect propriety, not only in her appearance on the stage, but in her conduct off it, that she is quite held up as a pattern to all the Parisian school misses by the mammas, who are in the habit of bringing them away from their imprisonment in the pension whenever Taglioni performs, that they may learn a lesson of grace and breeding. There were, indeed, an immense number of them in the *loges*, recognizable not only by their youthful appearance, but by their studiously plain parure, from which all ornament was banished, and their perfectly modest and quiet behaviour. Although still called Mademoiselle Taglioni, she is really the Countess or Marchioness of I forget what, being married to a son of a peer of France, moreover of one of the old families. As might be expected, however, he is a degenerate noble and a bad boy; and the poor girl is, no doubt, another instance in her caste, of happiness sacrificed to the ambition of a lofty alliance. It is said that the Peer, her father-in-law, went to her before her marriage, and warned her for her own interest against confiding herself to his unprincipled son. If she

be not happy at home, she must at all events enjoy herself in public. Every spectator is an enthusiastic admirer, dwelling upon all her movements with no less delight than on the accents of Pasta and Malibran. At the dismissal of the audience, one could form a just idea of the magic which resides in the foot of Taglioni. *Loges*, balconies, and *parterres* discharged their thousands on to the great stair-way; the concourse of wealth, rank, fashion, and beauty were immense; and the rush of equipages, maintained in order by the exertions of a picquet of cavalry, moved off, carrying a clatter and uproar into every quarter of the metropolis. As I loitered homeward, enveloped in my cloak, and musing, I could scarce persuade myself that I had not made a visit to Fairy Land indeed.

To-night I shall see Mademoiselle Mars, the Ninon of her day, who is still young at the age of seventy. You will say I am enjoying myself; and so I am. My eyes are behaving well, and encourage me in my dissipation; and I am not sorry to be happy here for a week, in anticipation of the year of misery I am to spend in England. I have written you this long letter to serve you until my return, as I shall not write to you any more, unless indeed I should be tempted to relent, in consideration of the length, frequency, and interesting character of the letters you are to write me.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING PERE-LA-CHAISE.

"There while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving."—SCOTT.

I.

Hail, lovely paradise of Death! once more
From the wide city's congregated hum,
To thee, as in the vernal days of yore,
For contemplation deep I fondly come;
To reckon up my sorrow's lengthened sum,
And muse upon the past, whose solemn voice
Makes the rude turmoil of the present dumb;
The music of thy boughs my heart rejoice,
As in the days long past, when she, my heart's dear choice,

II.

Walked like a twilight spirit by my side,
And oped the realms of Fancy to my gaze—
As thy pure flowers she culled in virgin pride,
And twined them into wreaths, the tombs to grace
Of them whose god-like brows are decked with bays;—
Or strewed the balmy violets of the Spring
O'er blighted beauty's lasting dwelling-place:
Could she or I then deem that Death's cold wing,
Its fatal shade so soon o'er her young soul would fling?

III.

Thy flowers are bright as aye — thy sky as blue —
 The shadow of thy funeral trees as deep,
 As when in life, my beautiful and true
 Came to thy shrines for others' woes to weep;
 And now you smile upon her last long sleep!
 While o'er her head the Autumn breezes sigh,
 And Eve's maternal tears the green sod steep,
 Where, wrapped in peace my Lelia's relics lie,
 —How calm thy bosom's rest — thy soul how blest on high!

IV.

Alas! the stranger spread thy dying pillow;
 I was afar when thou wert laid in earth,
 A weary exile o'er the ocean billow;
 Far from the sun-blest clime which gave thee birth;
 A voice of sorrow 'mong the bowers of mirth;
 As turns the pilgrim to blest Mecca's shrine,
 My spirit soared in Fancy's pinions forth,
 To thy green vale by first-love made divine; —
 Alas! I knew not then where lay that head of thine.

V.

Was it but fancy? can I deem it so,
 When, bending o'er thy grave, one rose I found,
 Pale as thy brow, a rival of its snow,
 Breathing the soul of living fragrance round;
 Trembling in tears, like music's dying sound,
 And fondly deeming it a token sprung
 From thy care-blighted heart, in rapture bound
 The pale flower upon mine; while breezes sung
 Thy youthful dirge, and found in every leaf a tongue.

VI.

Hail, thou bright shore of death! whose voiceless waves
 Leave, as they hurry back, Time's wrecks behind,
 Forgotten, lorn; save where some proud name braves
 Oblivion's frown, and with the light of mind
 Scorns her cold shade, and lives to guide mankind; —
 Youth, age, and beauty heap thy placid shore:
 Go, ask their stories of the fleeting wind.
 — Oh! for the poet's richly treasured lore,
 To give my Lelia's name to times that stretch before.

F.

Paris, May 2d.

EPIGRAM.

"My book — the sharks have cut it up — my book;"
 Grumbles a luckless bardling choked with grief;
 "Take heart," replied a wag with pitying look,
 "You see, my friend, I have not cut a leaf."

F.

THE SCIOTE;

A TALE OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

MERRY morn had donned her blushing robe of light — the herds were shaking off the drowsy chains of sleep — the feathered minstrels trolled their matin lay of love — the breeze carrolled through the groves of orange blossoms, dispensing their aromatic bounties with a lavish hand ; whilst, in a deep gorge, between the mountains, a little stream of gem-like sparkle danced along its murmuring way. Running the eye along the rocky and olive skirted brow of one of these mountains, a narrow, and now almost unheeded path, might be discerned, ever and anon peeping out from the rich foliage that o'erhung it, and as stealthily again seeking its shaded cover. Through one of these green vistas a maiden was seen timidly to wend her way. She carried a gourd containing water, which, doubtless, had once been the property of the little brook from which she was now retreating. She was quite young — perhaps not over fifteen — and yet o'er her face a passing gleam of sunshine seemed, now, struggling through a long-continued storm of woe. Her beauty was the most winning : her full dark eye shot forth the soul of love and sentiment ; whilst the harmonious blending of her features formed that realization of divinity which the ideal has fixed on as the exclusive possession of the blest on high.

Struggling along the craggy impediments that beset her path, and sometimes faltering under her little burden, she at length reached a high rocky prominence. Casting her eye enquiringly around, as if to be assured that she was unobserved, she disappeared through one of its many fissures, and reached a lofty and spacious grotto. Here depositing her gourd of water, she seated herself at the head of a youth who reclined in its recesses apparently unconscious of her presence. Her hand, with gentle and tender endearment, administered the cooling stream to his fevered brow. At length his eyes languidly unclosed. "Thy sleep, dear Stefano," she said, "has been fitful and disturbed, and thy speech fraught with words of fearful import — thou wert not always thus."

"The world's dark frowns, Marizza, have indeed changed me ; — I knew not half the stormy impulses of my soul, when, happy in thy love, contentment, and a host of warm affections, entwined themselves about this heart. Behold ! yon charred and shapeless ruin — there stood the once proud hall of my fathers — this verdant valley — e'en this little

grot, the consecrated spot of my inheritance ; consecrated as the witness to the registry of our vow of eternal love — spared from the ruthless hand of persecution only by its concealment, now shields its rightful lord, but as a fugitive and an exile. Yet, when cut off from my seaward retreat, forced, to elude my enemies, to fly to these shores, I little thought in seeking this hidden cavern for the paltry pelf it contained, which was only valued by me as a means of vengeance, that thou, the brightest jewel I possessed, had found a harbour here."

"It has, indeed, been an Ararat to thy stricken dove, dear Stefano, since that terrific night that saw a father's and a mother's murder ; — and if, — as to that sacred bird of promise, it yields no olive-bough, a meet-er emblem for a sorrowing heart luxuriates in its fertile wilds — the sombre, mournful cypress ! But cheer up, Stefano, our prospects are not so hopeless."

"Hope is but a delusive jade, Marizza ! and an artful too ; thy life is but too true a commentary on that. Well, well ! thou art young, and may cherish this best nepenthe for present ills, till riper years shall prove its fallacy. What subtlety doth she whisper to thee now, fond girl ?"

"Escape from this profaned land !"

"The means ?"

"Thine own caique !"

"Ha ! I had forgotten that ; but wouldst thou brave the world of waters in so frail a bark ?"

"Aye ! Stefano, and the grave too, so it divide us not ;" — and her soft eye kindled with the consciousness of her sex's heroism in time of need. "Besides," she added, "Smyrna is not far distant."

"True ! my fondest — this night, then, we consign our little boat to her proper element again ; and if our toil-set path be safely run, the good patriarch of our religion there shall unite our fates. Once rid of the immediate dangers that surround us, we may yet find a home, where, blest with thee, life will need no other charm. But I have fears of evil still, Marizza !"

"Dispel such harrowing doubts, my Stefano, and let the chance-directed joy of this meeting be augury of better things."

"Thy inspired courage shall receive no check from me, fair maid — thou wilt need it all ere this night's work be done."

Alive to the necessity of immediately quitting this shelter, Stefano, with some superstitious doubts checking his alacrity, soon, however, completed the arrangements for his departure. The voyage, in fact, was not a perilous one, for a short run would bring them into an almost landlocked gulf, at the head of which lay their destination. The night, too, though dark and cloudy, was not tempestuous ; the breeze was favourable, and every thing seemed propitious for a clandestine enterprize. Already their little bark was floating in a sheltered cove, and the lovers

seated in its stern — the sail presented its resisting surface to the heaven-spiced current, and off she bounded in freedom.

There is a quiet melancholy pervading these scenes, which, despite one's efforts, it is difficult to overcome. The associations with our school-day reminiscences, the immensity of conception they involve, in the ancient grandeur of the Grecian and Roman empires — the comparison of what they are, with what they were, point with unerring and premonitory precision to the fate of all things. The breeze had freshened considerably, as our voyagers rapidly passed the ancient city of Phocia, which lies at the entrance of the Gulf we have before noticed. The rain began to patter, and as the wind howled through its ruined towers and lattices, it seemed, like the "fiendish laugh of Time, exulting above the overthrow of man and his proudest monuments." Bravely the little bark sped upon her way; whilst the heroic maid, wrapt in an ample cloak, and happy in a confiding dependence, harassing her lover with no useless and ill-timed fears, beguiled the care of the moment with some voluntary love-ditty, associated with their happier days. Soon they had reached the vicinage of the Sangiac castle, the entrance to the bay of Smyrna, and whence an occasional glimmer of the lights of the city might be discovered to cheer them onwards. The channel sweeps close by this fortress, so that it may be said to command the port. The opposite side of this channel is met by a low mud flat, from which the water, during high winds, is entirely blown off. Stefano, preferring to run the little hazard of molestation by passing this defence of the enemy, than to land sea-ward of it and remain all night without shelter, muffled his oars, and lowered the sails to lessen the chance of observation. Noiselessly he shot up under the sea-washed base of the castle. All was silent there — the dreaded point was passed; and the exclamation "we are safe," now burst unguardedly from his lips. But tyranny and evil consciences keep men wakeful; and the sentry's abrupt hail of "what boat is that?" came like a blight upon their just acquired joyousness. Unmindful, however, of the summons, his vigorous arm plied more strainingly at the oar, whilst every tug made it give and bend like a sapling to the blast. Already he was lost to the view of the fort, when a fire-ball, thrown in the direction, discovered their fugitive course: — another fire-ball — and then a sudden flash, followed by the long detonations of a cannon. The shot had struck the bow of the frail vessel, and she was now in momentary danger of sinking. But the young seaman's professional skill failed him not here; for, moving every thing portable to the stern, he tipped the cripple bow out of the water, and thus for a moment prolonged her doubtful existence.

But his course had been an ill-judged one. If he had but answered the sentry's hail, he would, in all probability, have passed without further question, as the Smirniote Greeks were allowed this privilege in their fishing voyages; though, during the war, there was a regulation requir-

ing them to have a custom-house *Tuskara*, or pass. Besides, his person being unknown as an officer of the Greek government, and a participator in Hassan's fate at Scio, a small bribe would easily have exempted him from any detention from the prior cause. Obligated now, by the sinking condition of their boat, to steer for the nearest shore, which was but a few yards distant, he disembarked just in time to see its remains scattered o'er sea and land by another well-directed shot from the castle. The native timidity of her sex, in these trials and escapes, had claimed its mastery over poor Marizza. Her over-wrought feelings of excitement naturally exhausted themselves, and she clung to her lover with the wild and startled energy of despair. "By the Holy Virgin," he said, "but those fellows have brought their artillery practice to some nicety; — one might as well sit in a powder magazine with a lighted pipe, as come within their range; yet to my mind that shot was fired by no Moslem hand! Come, cheer up a moment longer, my beloved, and our escape is yet sure."

Whilst he was yet sustaining the swooning girl, a noise of suppressed voices came hissing down the wind. Alarmed at such intimation of the proximity of what might prove foes, he quickly caught up the helpless form beside him, and sped in the opposite direction. Impeded, however, by his burden, he was soon overtaken by his pursuers, and in a moment found himself seized by a band of Turkish soldiers. "Ah! my young spark," said he who appeared to be their leader, "you would elude us, would you? That seems but an irksome load ye bear; I'll e'en ease you of it."

"Profane her not with thy rude hand, vile caitiff, or my dagger shall drink thy filthy blood."

"Ho! ho! the *Rayah** floutes and fumes like a true believer. Hast paid thy capitation tax yet, vile dog?"

"I'll rid thee of that foul extortion, thou base thief! by cleaving thy shorn pate from thy shoulders, an' thou keep not a civil tongue in it."

"By the beard of the Prophet! but thou vapourest loudly, boy! Seize the girl, my men, and bear her to the castle; she'll prove a pretty toy for our master's *harem*."

The unhappy Stefano was soon overpowered, and by a blow from one of the ruffians laid lifeless upon the ground. Morning again had dawned, when, stiff, bewildered, and agonized by past occurrences, he awoke, but to curse the wayward fate which had followed him with such relentless persecutions. The place was entirely deserted, and it was long before he found himself sufficiently collected to determine upon any plan of action. At length it occurred to him that Marizza had, in all probability, been carried by her captors to the castle; and to effect a covert communication there was now his main design. Secreting himself in the

* All subjects of the Porte, not Musselmen, are called *rayahs*, and obliged to pay an annual capitation tax.

deep grove of olive trees which lay behind it, he waited anxiously till chance should direct his further movements ;—nor did he wait in vain. A man, habited in the flowing robes of a Turk, with all his display of pistols and *yatagan*, was, soon after, seen to emerge from its gates, and with measured and stately formality to direct his course to the very spot which concealed our hero. Having arrived within a few paces of him, he seated himself, and with affected pomposity lighting his *chibouque*, seemed to yield himself to revery.

“That face should be familiar to me ;” said Stefano, “though a turban puts it in a somewhat singular masquerade. What ho ! Yani ?”

“Stefano ! as I’m a Turk—but thy haggard and wan countenance would denote thee one of Vampire animation. Can it be ?”

“No ! I am true flesh and blood yet, good Yani, and —”

“Yani no longer — when I became a Turk, I assumed a Turk’s nomenclature — Mustafa, if you please !”

“I had heard of and mourned thy apostacy and debasement ; thou seemest proud of it.”

“Call it not debasement, good Stefano ! In what am I changed ? The distinction consists but in a title. I was once called a Christian — that brought stripes and capitation taxes. I am now called a Turk, and that brings immunity from both. Besides, whilst one inculcates industry and thriftiness, the other tolerates idleness and ease ; hence I am convinced I have spoiled but a very indifferent Christian to make a capital Turk.”

Stefano could have smote the impious apostate ; but, stifling his indignation in the hope of acquiring some useful information from him, he answered, “But Yani — or Mustafa, if thou wilt — that was a good shot of thine, last night !”

“Aye ! It is such work as that which gives me my consideration here. The superstitious fools think that I carry a charmed eye, whilst the only charm it has was got in practice on their lubberly ships. But how knewest thou of the transactions of the past night ?”

“Oh ! I was on the beach ; and —”

“Yes, yes ! I suspected as much — and thou wouldst know of the dark-eyed maid. Is it so ?”

“Even so, good Mustafa : tell me quickly — where is she ?”

“Beyond thy reach ! — safe in old Youssef’s harem by this time.”

“I’ll drive my dagger through the drivelling dotard’s heart, if he but breathe — ; I’ll to the *Cadi*, and demand her instant release.”

“Stop ! stop ! what wouldst thou ? Thou canst, at best, but encounter him as a *rayah* subject — thy demand then would be answered by a twitch of the bow-string — dost understand ? There is but one thing left thee, and if it nauseates the bowels of thy conscience, remember it is thy leeches’ last remedy for a desperate disease — turn Osmanlie ! Nay ! start not — thy battle then will be doubtful enough, I trow, though it be Turk to Turk !”

Overwhelmed with the full sense of his misfortunes, thus rudely but justly pictured to him; his mind tossed by affliction, and painfully alive to all that morbid sensibility which grief so naturally induces — disgusted, too, with the cold and calculating villany of his recusant countryman, he revolted from the wretched creature; and he rushed, he scarcely knew whither. It has been said that he was a youth of lively genius and contemplative turn of mind. The insufficiency, however, of the scholastic institutions of an harassed and degraded people to direct the dawning intellect of boyhood, and lead it to useful maturity, was fully exemplified in him. His undisciplined mind had, therefore, imbued itself deeply with the extravagant absurdities of the ancient philosophers. “What to me,” he said, “is life, that I should reck its loss? Life to me has no charms; and yet the Promethean flame rages loud within me, and I feel the curse of the vultured doom; — it preys — preys upon me, but consumes not. If I turn to knowledge for relief, what boots it? Knowledge constitutes not happiness, but it may dispel the little illusion care brings with it. Happiness itself but implies contentment, and contentment is Ambition’s grave — e’en that Ambition’s which our anomalous doctrines teach us to cherish. Philosophy, too, is but a tourney-field of conflicting and insoluble doubts; and, Hydra-like, the defeat of one but gives birth to two. Religion alike, presents the same contentious scenes of strife; of whose thousand sects each claim to wield the sword of orthodoxy; whilst the anxious soldier of doubt, mistrusting his own discernment, knows not whither to turn his arms. Its whole history shows its debasement to secular purposes; and the sword has been its right arm, from the Jews to the Pagans and Mahomedans — from the Vatican to the Patriarchal see.” Then, by one of those extraordinary revulsions of feeling, which experience confesses to be the property of minds so constituted, so Stefano continued his reflections: “And that misguided creature I have just left — had his conversion been based on conviction, what would have been his grievous wrong? We are most of us unable to form clear opinions on religious subjects, founded on our reason, because its ground-work of ‘Faith’ is entirely at variance with it. Education and prejudice, then, in nine cases out of ten, selects for us that worship by which we are doomed to stand or fall. Besides, this doctrine of Mohammed (rejecting the Triad) acknowledges one true God — so do we. It acknowledges Jesus Christ as the Messiah — so do we. It —”

But the wild, fierce searching of his eye, glaring on all things yet dwelling on none — his flushed and burning cheek — the supernatural strength and rapidity of his gait — the excitement and effort of his ravings, and the confused recollection of all his sufferings, operating upon a sensitive mind — together with the blow he had received, all — all confirmed him the victim of a fevered delirium. And, the paroxysm over, he now fell exhausted to the ground.

Where the song-inspiring *Meles* wends its gentle and unobtrusive way under the *Ponte de Caravan*, and thence mingles its waters with the ocean inlet, amid the shades of a forest of cypress, scarce distinguishable from its immobility among the thousands of sepulchred marbles that fill the forest interstices — stood a female form. She seemed the sculptured impersonation of the tearful Niobe. The scene was one to harmonise with grief and devotional reflection, — the dark foliage, defying the searching ray of morn, threw a deep and monastic gloom around, which the turbaned monuments — the accumulation of centuries — rising like disinterred corpses over the mouldering remains they marked, filled the mind with a religious and superstitious awe. Grief has its dignity, and in her, we have noticed, it seemed to have found a throne. “Whither,” she said, “shall I now turn this worn and tortured heart? Escaped the loathful wretch, who would have won, or failing that, forced me to dishonour. Escaped his hated wiles, and all, save that, I would have met Death! I know not whither to turn for relief. Stefano! best beloved of my soul, our lot has been a weary one indeed, — and cold — cold in the sleep of the tomb now lies thy faithful heart; else had thou long since found and rescued me. Rescue! for the lonely orphan, divided — perchance by the grave — from the only earthly being who claimed sympathy for her, since first she bore that mournful title; and who is in the hand of Him alone, whose saving grace is eternal. To Him I commit myself.”

Forced by the cravings of hunger, which her long concealment in the cemetery had imposed, she emerged from its shelter, and sought the heart of the city. Approaching the market-place, a dense crowd of persons, of all classes and nations, of this Babel city, were seen passing round a man whose gestures and speech denoted phrensy. Some scowled with savage and vengeful features, whilst others gazed upon him without show of reverence or pity. It was Stefano — the unhappy and misguided.

Awaking, but only partially, from the delirium in which he had fallen — his reason in momentary eclipse, and his passions thus left uncontrolled, the pervading and never-ceasing impulse of his thoughts — the recovery of her he had lost, and vengeance on those who had wronged him — aided, perhaps, by the indistinct remembrance of the profane sophistry of his infidel countryman, carried him, despite the loathings of his sanity, to the principal mosque of the city. Here, in his madness, he forswore his religion — trampled upon the cross, its emblem — repeated the short creed, “there is no God, but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet;” submitted to the other forms necessary to complete his conversion, and stalked forth muttering his vows of vengeance. Such is the complexity of our mechanism; — even whilst reason holds its sway, we find ourselves ruled by conflicting and countervailing principles; and the impulse of the moment often sets at naught the arrangements and calculations of years. He stood a solitary and isolated being. The fairy influence

of sympathy — the kind monitions of benevolence, striving to uproot morbid prepossessions, and turn the stream of thought into a proper channel, were denied him ; whilst his despair, founded on the ruined altar of affection, held him heedless — reckless. Thus do we become at once the sport and prey of perverse nature — the practical illustration of good and bad — weak and strong. Armed with the license of free intercourse with his enemies by this renouncement of his creed — with equal rights in the courts of law, he now devoted himself, with persevering industry, to the objects of his apostacy. Days had passed, however, in bootless search, and reason gradually was resuming her empire. Still no tidings, no clew, by which to trace his lost Marizza, had opened to him. Her clandestine escape, founded on the danger and exigency of the moment, had given her detainer ground to deny all knowledge of her, and thus baffle search. But as hope failed, the consciousness of his enormity grew upon him ; remorse, with all its conscience-torturing horrors, now claimed him for her own ; and the brave, handsome, and good and generous Stefano, found himself the most impious, degraded wretch on earth ; and he sought, in vain, for some palliation of his crime in the madness which had induced it. Days of bitter — bitter agony had passed — his soul writhing in that glowing furnace, that moral and invisible hell which every man bears within him, but which, he, alone, has power to make an Elysium. “Conscience ! thou art a stern master, and yet a just ; — thou smoothest the rough road of life, or addest thorns to its but too thorny way. With thy grace we go down to the grave in peace and quiet ; — with thy wrath Death comes armed with countless terrors ; and, beyond the grave, — perchance thou hauntest us still.” Such were the musings of the unhappy man, when a cheering ray of light dawned on his benighted soul. Driven to desperation by the failure of all his schemes — the curse of his apostacy before him, he sought, in the enthusiasm of his nature, to expiate his offence, and appease the anger of an offended God — to die a martyr to the religion he had abjured. It was at the fulfilment of this resolve that the lovely and unhappy Marizza found herself borne onwards by the pressing crowd, ignorant of its cause, and little thinking that a few moments of haste might avert a fearful doom.

His abjurations were for some time mistaken by the Turks for the ravings of insanity ; and thus with their religious veneration for those so afflicted, he continued, unmolested, to revile the Prophet, and to call down curses and maledictions on his followers. At length a man closely muffled in his *capote*, caught him rudely by the arm. “Fool !” he said, “mad fool ! what wouldst thou do ? Dost know me ? I am thy Captain — the brig lies under the Isle of Samos, and I have crossed the Peninsula in search of stores — follow me quickly, and you may yet be safe.” But enthusiasm wild, and ungoverned as had been his early impulses, choked his sense to all external objects, and he continued his

imprecations in loud and fierce energy. "Curses on thy vile Prophet," he said; "curses on the mother that bore and suckled his false ambitious heart. May the vengeful lightning of the Almighty God, and his martyred son, blast and slay thee. May pests, and all the plagues of the Holy Scripture, blight and scatter ye. May thy mosques and Temple at Mecca be riven in atoms, and thy vaunted well of the *Kaaba*, in the impurities of thine own leprous bodies, lose its purging qualities to thy souls — till, damned beyond hope, by the tenets of thine own wicked and impious blasphemies, ye may have a foretaste of that hell on earth which is your inevitable doom hereafter."

The indignation of the Mohammedan populace now knew no bounds; no consideration could longer stay their fury — and their justice is summary. A hundred scimitars gleamed above the reviler's head; and whilst the sense was reeling in anticipation of impending fate, a startling shriek was heard, and his form was fondly clasped; but ere he recognized her — the descending swords had cleft Stefano and Marizza.

S.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST PAGE OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

I.

The page whereon my name I trace,
Untouch'd and pure, before me lies;
The book which many a Muse may grace,
Unwritten yet, is 'neath my eyes —
And I must burst the magic spell,
And though untaught my lyre may be,
Address the many-sounding shell,
And win its maziest notes for thee.

II.

Yet daring is the froward toil,
And if the minstrel's strain be cold,
Fatal the force of that recoil,
Which finds him weak and calls him bold:
'Tis Beauty's eye must trace his flight,
'Tis Beauty's ear must list his strain;
He toils for Beauty's own delight,
Blest if he does not toil in vain.

III.

Thus high the prompter, who denies
The lyre to strike, the lay to speak?
Yet hopeless, still the fancy tries,
Its soul is sad, its wing is weak. —
Yet, lady, is its labour thine,
Though worthless all its tribute be;
Happy, if vex'd, by note like mine,
Some loftier muse shall sing for thee.

LINES.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

AN EPISODE.

FROM PELAYO, AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

"AND now, Thyrsa, thy harp, my child. Tell me of that solemn march of our people from the bondage of the Egyptian, when the Prophet of God led them through the waters, and the hosts of Pharaoh were buried in their depths;" and, with a slow, sweet accent, the maiden sang to her harp the story he required :

Then Thyrsa took the harp,
And, with a strange, sweet sorrow in her voice,
That won the tear to come,
She straight began the strain that Miriam sang, —
Miriam the prophetess, old Aaron's sister, —
As, when the Red Sea passed,
She, with the maidens pleasantly about her,
Sat by the bitter waters of Marah ;
And sweetly struck the timbrel, while she told
Of Israel's triumph — of the sea o'erpassed,
In safety, by the Hebrew, while its waves
Went o'er the Egyptian host — chariot and horse —
Monarch and subject — banner and array.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Oh, wherefore hast thou led us forth to die,
Amid the desert, with a cruel death ?
Were there no graves in Egypt ?

MOSES.

Lift your eye,
Nor murmur, for the Lord, with sacred breath,
Hath spoken — and this day that ye deplore,
For that the Egyptian warriors pursue,
Your eye that sees them now, shall see no more,
They shall all perish.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Be your promise true,
Then shall we still the blessed Lord adore.

MOSES.

Adore, adore — the blessed Lord adore —
For look, where now behind us, like a shroud,
Solemn and vast, hath gone that mighty cloud,
With face of fire to us, that guides our way,
And, though the night-hours come, still yields us day ;
While black, upon the host of Pharaoh glooming,
It speaks for God — those cruel warriors dooming,
Who shall all perish.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

With a mighty voice,
In thy great honour, Lord, we now rejoice —
Thou art the God of Israel, and hast kept
Thy holy watch above him when he slept.

MOSES.

Yea, borne him out of bondage, made him strong,
And taught his lips a triumph and a song;
And now, e'en now, when murmuring, ye repine,
Because he left ye not as dogs and swine,
To your Egyptian lords, hath led ye forth
To be a mighty people of the earth —
He builds ye up a holy habitation.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Great is the Lord — the Lord is great — he builds,
He builds us up a holy habitation —
So ran the prophecy when Abraham's fields
Had but an hundred shepherds, with their flocks,
Scatter'd and lonely, on the inclining rocks —
And Israel shall become a mighty nation.

MOSES.

Praise ye the Lord! Oh, praise — 'tis now the hour,
When the Egyptian comes in all his pow'r —
Ye hear his rolling chariots, and the tramp
Of his fierce horsemen, crowding on our camp —
He comes with an exulting thought to slay,
And bear us in captivity away;
But God is with his people, and this day,
Shall honour win from Pharaoh by his deed.
Follow ye, to the waters, where I lead,
And fear not, though I leave ye now to pray.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

They come, they come — oh, whither shall we flee!

MOSES (*apart*).

To thee, to thee, oh Lord of Hosts, to thee,
This day, be all the glory. Leave us not,
But keep thy people from the evil lot
Of blows and bondage. Let them not prevail,
Thy foes and Israel's, who, with rude assail,
And a fierce cry that mocks our heart's distress,
Press on us in our infant feebleness.
And now they come — be with us — lift thine arm —
Strike down the foe — thy children keep from harm,
And turn aside this peril.

THE VOICE.

Wherefore cry,
In anguish, to me? I am ever nigh
To thee and Israel. To thy people speak,
Bid them go forward. Let them not grow weak,
But teach them what thou know'st. Then lift thy rod
Above the waters.

MOSES.

Lord, I adore and tremble. Mighty God!

'Tis done as thou hast said.

THE VOICE.

Look and see,
The waters are divided. Thou art free
To lead thy people over the dry land.

MOSES.

Oh, great and wonderful. On either hand
The heaping seas are broken — a high wall
Towers around us. Praise ye, Israel, all,
Advance, and praise the Lord — a mighty song
Shall speak his mercy that endureth long —
His justice is for ever. Onward press,
While the high waters mute and motionless,
Look down upon us. Is the Lord not nigh?
He keeps their walls apart, he builds them high
So that ye pass in safety. Praise, oh, praise,
Lift high your hearts, oh Israel, in his praise —
By his hand's strength the Lord hath brought ye forth
From bondage — and shall make ye of the earth,
The greatest — building ye a habitation,
Holy and high.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

And raising Israel to a mighty nation,
As promised unto Abraham, when the Lord,
While he lay sleeping in his Chaldee tent,
Said to him in sweet vision, angel-sent,
"I am thy shield — I am thy great reward,"
And bade him count the thick'ning stars and see,
Many, like them, should his own people be.
Praise ye the Lord — oh, praise!

MOSES.

Now Pharaoh's host

Advances on us, with a cruel boast,
And a fierce cry; but fear ye not his pow'r,
For God is with us in the darkest hour,
And ye shall see, this day, his triumph vast,
Over our foe. Rejoice, the sea is past,
Lift ye your hearts in song! I speak to God,
While ye do praise him.

THE VOICE.

Moses, lift your rod,
Once more, above the waters.

MOSES.

It is done!

Oh, thou eternal and all-powerful One!
The waters roll above them. Israel see,
And sing — the Lord hath triumphed gloriously.
The rider and his horse are overthrown,
And Pharaoh's chariots and himself are down,
All crushed and buried in the gathering sea.
His mighty captains — what are they to thee,
Oh mightiest Captain? Thou'rt the man of war,
And all the valiant else, but children are!

Lord is thy name, and, glorious in its pow'r,
 Thy right hand dashest into naught thy foe!
 Thou speakest, and the winds begin to blow,
 The floods stand upright, till thou bidst them go,
 And then they rush, in overwhelming show'r,
 Swallowing their thousands. Mighty art thou, Lord,
 Most mighty! Be thy name for aye adored,
 In Israel, by thy people. Lo! they stand,
 Trembling, to see the wonders of thy hand.
 Rejoice, rejoice, oh Israel! For He brings
 His children out from bondage. With His arm,
 Above their enemies, the sea He flings,
 And keeps His chosen people from all harm!
 He doth set free the captive, and He builds,
 For Israel now a holy habitation —
 Sorrow shall fill the Palestinian fields,
 He gives them up a spoil unto our nation.
 Edom shall be amazed — the mighty men,
 That dwell in Moab, shall all tremble, when
 Our march is on them; and beneath our sway
 Canaan's people shall all melt away —
 Thine is their land, and thither we advance,
 Now, Israel, to thy great inheritance!

THE solemn strain was finished, and in a style of beauty not more remarkable for its exquisite simplicity, than for its exquisite harmony. Thyrsa had been educated chiefly by her father, and had acquired, as much from his, as from her own spirit, no small portion of that lofty and high-souled enthusiasm which made up so much of his character. Glowing with the rich exuberance of excited religious feeling, when the performer turned from her seat, to look upon the old man, she beheld him upon his knees — his eyes lifted to heaven, and the sentiment of prayer deeply written upon every feature of his face. She glided to him softly, and knelt down quietly, without a word, beside him. He acknowledged her presence with a start, then clasping her to his arms, thanked her for her performance, and gave her his parting blessing for the night.

"Now go to thy chamber, my child — take thy sleep, and may the God of Abraham watch over and keep thee from harm. Good night!"

She murmured a similar aspiration, and left him. The old man again sunk back into prayerful musing, for his mood was eminently devotional, though his pursuits all his life had been wild, and many of his more vigorous years had passed away in unprofitable strife.

"When, oh, when shall thy people pass out from their bondage? When wilt thou come to their aid, oh thou, whose arm shook the waters over Pharaoh, and humbled the hosts of the Philistines! Oh, wouldst thou endow me, for their good, for this great service — wouldst thou smile upon my hope — wouldst thou give strength to our warriors, and fortune to this our enterprise, then would thy servant gladly lay down his own life, happy in the sacrifice that brought with it so great a profit."

He arose at length from his knees, and, placing a dagger in his girdle, wrapping himself closely in his mantle, he went forth into the city.

THE LAST BRITISH TOURIST.*

THE reader must not judge from the title of this paper, that we mean to attempt keeping the run of the writing tourists that are periodically let loose upon us; that, indeed, were almost impossible; for so rapidly do they succeed each other, that it is only the fact of the work before us being not yet published, which can secure us against the possible awkwardness of a misnomer when putting this article to press. Truly, our countrymen, if not the makers of books themselves, are the cause of book-making in others; and if it be fact that — to use a novel quotation — “no one reads an American book,” *many* must certainly read books about Americans. Our mother country keeps up a most maternal watchfulness over her child; and, however the strapping youngster may grow restive at having all his motions scrutinized still, as carefully as when he first shook off his swaddling clothes, the careful dame still tends him with all the pertinacious kindness of an officious Gran’nam: at one moment patting and coaxing him with cheese-cake and gingerbread when she recognizes any of the family ways which he brought with him from the homestead, and scolding the next, with all the virulence of ill-tempered decrepitude, when she detects any youthful escapado of his own. She reminds us not a little of an old hen, who having unconsciously brought forth a brood of roguish ducklings, struts, clucks, and puffs about the pond in which the unfilial ne’er-do-weels persist in paddling off to seek their pleasure and convenience whither some foolish instinct impels them. Nay, more, she still insists upon treating them as unfledged chickens long after they have come to be full-grown ducks.

To return to the mystery hinted at in the commencement of this paragraph, we think we can easily explain the cause of such a multitude of books being written upon the United States. It is simply this: the English people wish to understand us and our institutions; and the grand results of the latter are, taken as a whole, so different from what their immediate operation appears in the account of their tourists, that each succeeding work, by puzzling them more and more, still calls for some new and more satisfactory account of the country. But we fear that the enigma of our national character is never to be solved by one of themselves. Englishmen cannot understand us, for the best of all reasons. They will insist upon studying our manners and customs com-

* The Rambler in North America, by Charles Joseph Latrobe: 2 vols. N. York. Harpers.

paratively, and not analytically — if we may so express ourselves. They will make themselves the standard for us, and judge us as a colonial, and not an original people — as Englishmen — *Anglo-Americans* who have come out from among them; and of course, if they are good and proper men, must be like them, and when not like them are not good and proper men. Where our institutions have produced the same results as theirs, they like us; where our institutions are the same they like us more; but when both institutions and results are different, there must be some grievous error — we are all wrong — we have departed from the ways of our fathers — we are a new-fangled people, and there is no good in us. Now, we should think that the exercise of a very little reflection and acuteness would detect what a thoroughly unsound basis of investigation this is, and how false must be all the deductions drawn from such premises. The germ of our population did spring from the English stock — but when? In the days of Cromwell and Charles — of the Puritans and Cavaliers, to whom the modern Englishman bears about as much resemblance as a pupil of the *Ecole Polytechnique* to a page of Louis XIV.'s bed-chamber. If they, then, living on the same ground, amid the same scenes and associations, differ so much from our mutual progenitors, is it not probable that we, subjected to new and various influences, in strange situations, differ still more? And is it not the height of absurdity to look for more than the most trivial coincidences in character, between races that have flourished a thousand miles apart from each other, with nothing to make them assimilate but a common origin, which history alone, at this day, allows us to recognize in either? However the elements of good or bad may be balanced in our national character, we differ as much in every respect from the Englishman of the nineteenth century as he does from his ancestor of the seventeenth. Our vernacular is still the same language that was snuffled through the nose of Barebones, and that now thunders from the lips of O'Connel, — and the drunken curses of Claverhouse's troopers were pealed in the same tongue in which a cornet of the Guards lisps his "damme" over champagne of the latest brand. Yet it is more easy to fancy O'Connel wielding the power of Cromwell, and Wellington leading his Peninsulars against him, than to imagine the soul of Hampden threatening through the twinkling eyes of Brougham, or swashing Bothwell redivivus in a dandy subaltern of "the Tenth."

Language, then, can effect very little in preserving similarity of character. Intercourse, indeed, can do more in assimilating people to each other. But our intercourse is with every commercial people on the globe; and of the many countries which have poured out their subjects to swell the number of our citizens, England proper has contributed among the least.

Let, therefore, an Englishman who comes hither with the express object of studying our people and institutions, visit us as he would a

people of whom he had just heard ; and who bear no further resemblance to his own, than do most of the nations of christendom, whose shades of character are gradually becoming more indistinct, as in the ameliorating spirit of the age they daily approximate to each other. Let him examine the machine of our government as a peculiar structure adapted to a peculiar people, — not as an attempt to improve that under which he has hitherto lived contentedly and proudly at home ; — not as an old English convenience patched up and refitted to suit Englishmen in a new place — a London chariot razeed into a dearborn for a cockney drive over the prairies, — but a vehicle built in the country, from materials produced in the country, and intended to be driven by the people of the country. Let him then take his seat by the driver, and see what his tour will bring forth.

Strangely enough, the author of the work before us, although a high Tory, a lover of church establishments, and a pious hater of “democracy” in all its forms, has more of the requisite qualifications of a candid traveller than any British tourist that has hitherto trod our shores. His loyal love of the system under which he was bred, prompts him always, when alluding to it, to express the preference he feels for it over all others : yet, the frank and ardent avowal is never coupled with disparagement of the institutions which he comes to study as a liberal minded gentleman, a traveller, and a man of the world in the best sense of the term. Mr. Latrobe had been ten years a traveller in Europe, when he landed at New-York, with Washington Irving, in 1832. He remained in this country nearly three years, during which he traversed every part of the Union, from Maine to Florida, from the shores of the Atlantic to the prairies of the Far West ; mingling the while upon the most easy terms with every class of society. Enjoying himself at one moment in the most refined circles of our Atlantic cities, and jaunting along jovially with a yankee pedlar the next, — now sharing the courteous hospitality of a southern planter, and now partaking the rude fare of a western hunter, with a keen relish of life and character in all its phases. His opportunities for observation were, consequently, such as no European traveller, and but few of our own countrymen, have hitherto enjoyed ; and their result is before us, in a work which is by far the most *authentic* and valuable, than has yet been written upon the country. There are, doubtless, many passages in it which may give offence to those of our thin-skinned countrymen who will not, in consideration of the fair and benevolent spirit in which he writes, allow the author to indulge in some peculiar views and opinions of his own, even though they may jar with the predilections which we cherish most fondly. But he who would emasculate the work, by striking out these, must be one of so feeble and sickly a patriotism, that he knows not how to appreciate the frank and manly spirit of a stranger. To such, however, we do not address ourselves here ; and therefore we shall not, while touching upon

the passages which most interest us in Mr. Latrobe's volumes, pause to reconcile these magnanimous worthies to others less palatable. They may find an excuse for their irritability, however, in the following observations by "the Rambler in America." (page 62.)

"America feels, and with reason, that justice has not always been done her in essentials, and by Britain in particular. She knows that there has been a spirit abroad having a tendency to keep the truth and her real praise away from the eye of the world, shrouded behind a veil of course ribaldry, and detail of vulgarities, which, if not positively untrue, were at least so invidiously chosen, and so confirmatory of prejudice, and so far caricature, when applied to the people as a mass, as almost to bear the stigma of untruth. She has felt that the progress made in a very limited period of time, and amidst many disadvantages, in reclaiming an immense continent from the wilderness, in covering it with innumerable flourishing settlements; her success in the mechanic arts; her noble institutions in aid of charitable purposes; the public spirit of her citizens; their gigantic undertakings to facilitate interior communication; their growing commerce in every quarter of the globe; the indomitable perseverance of her sons; the general attention to education, and the reverence for religion, wherever the population has become permanently fixed; and the generally mild and successful operation of their government; have been overlooked, or only casually mentioned: while the failings, rawness of character, and ill-harmonized state of society in many parts; the acts of lawless individuals, and the slang and language of the vulgar, have been held prominently forward to excite scorn, provoke satire, and strengthen prejudice. In short, she has felt that her true claims upon respect and admiration have been either unknown or undervalued in Europe, and that especially that nation with whom she had the greatest national affinity, was inclined to be the most perseveringly unjust.

"Hence partly arises, it may be surmised, the querulous state of sensitiveness, to which allusion has been made, and also that disposition to swagger and exaggerate, which has been laid to the charge of many Americans, not without reason."

There is candour and truth in these remarks; but they might have been made still stronger with propriety; stronger, as regards our national provocations to irritability, and stronger in regard to the unmanly querulousness by which that irritability shows itself. The vulgar impertinence of clever cocknies like Hall and Hamilton, is not more ridiculous to us, than that simplicity of feeling which induces our countrymen to plead before such judges of men and manners, whenever they choose to summon them into court — which make them swagger about the constitution, when some "tame gentleman from the other side of the water" tells them that they ought not to wear long-napped hats, or boast of Niagara, when he asserts that there are no tailors out of London. There is a reply frequently made to strangers in England, when demanding a reason for some of the various extortions which the travel-

ler meets with in the way of being compelled to fee every menial that touches his hat to him, which we once heard a fair American use with great effect upon a foreigner, who asked an explanation of some peculiarity of manners that differed from those of his own people — “*It is the custom of the country, Sir.*” Nor is there any reason why this reply to most of the questions of the book-manufacturing canaille should be less appropriate in this country than in Europe, — for circumstance has done that here in forming habits, which time has effected there — and in stamping an individual character upon the inhabitants of each separate state in the Union, has brought into existence the peculiarities which are ever inseparable from character, save in the classes where the attrition of cultivated society polishes every thing into refined monotony. And where are the models which these teachers of good-breeding have afforded us? — what are the precepts which they have laid down? Not that unpretending simplicity, general affability, and practical benevolence, which we have reason to believe still distinguishes the really well-bred of their own land, as it has the gentlemen of every age. But a code of manners as arbitrary as the fashion of a coat, and as easily acquired by those initiated into its precepts, as the art of cutting one after a given pattern — a mechanical and man-milliner-like bearing, which, after all, is only acquired in perfection by a lackey, and which is as different from the carriage of true breeding, as the frank and gallant port of a Kentucky gentleman from the mincing flourishes of a London shop-keeper. The mirrors of Elizabeth’s court would lose caste among a school of these worthies, if judged by the rules of their order; but we have seen men in our back-woods, who, though they might not have understood Sidney’s Arcadia, could have smoked his favourite weed with Raleigh, without by word or act offending the fastidious breeding of either.

The mere man of fashion must, of course, be formed upon the models of his day; but the ingrained gentleman is independent of every thing but principle and feeling; and may be nurtured as well in a log cabin on the prairies as in a palace on the Thames. He is, was, and ever will be, the same. He is the same now, in England, reposing beneath his sumptuous hangings, amid all the accessories of modern luxury, as when he laid his unlettered head upon the rush-strewed floor of his dwelling a thousand years ago: and the sculptured domes that may hereafter shelter him, where the Indian wigwam or the primeval forest is now his only canopy, will find him in spirit still the same.

There may some be found, indeed — men possessing as much intelligence and good taste as our author — to urge that a republic is not the atmosphere for the virtues of such a character to flourish in; — but while devotion to a principle must ever be more pure than devotion to an individual, we can hardly be brought to believe, that loyalty to honour in the abstract, is less ennobling than loyalty to honour as personified in a king. If there be any passages in his book to which we take exception, it is

those in which his high tory prejudices manifest themselves in the manner we have hinted at. His observations in relation to a church establishment, are alike characteristic and unsound, in our opinion ; but as they are purely speculative, and can have no manner of influence here, it would be absurd to treat them with the same earnestness, that we have views which we have sometimes feared were gaining ground among the young and the half educated of our country. The difference in political and social equality, seems to be as little understood by some among us, as it is by those, who, visiting us from aristocratical countries, cannot comprehend how a man may be a democrat and a gentleman ; how a cultivated American may meet his fellow-citizen of less fortunate opportunities, as an equal at the polls, and yet decline to domesticate him in his family — and yet they see the same thing daily, at home, in the very temple of their aristocracy. Is there not many a peer of the realm, who holds himself aloof from his brother peer, because his tastes and pursuits are different from his own ? And why, where all are peers, and all free to choose their own associates, should our political equality constrain us into uncongenial fellowships in the private relations of life ? Among our inferiors in the animal creation, there are insects who acknowledge a queen ; birds whose motions are regulated by a king ; and, for aught we know, there may be an aristocracy among the fishes. All of them, we have no doubt, if they reflect at all upon the matter, think it very strange that some quadrupeds, like some bipeds, should prefer living under a Republic. But imagine a courtier drone — a monarchical wild-goose, or a patrician herring, studying the institutions of a “commonwealth of beavers,” or “a republic of prairie dogs !” Would it not be very absurd in him, when applying the principles of democracy to the community before him, to insist, that because each member has an equal share in the government, his family domicile must necessarily be open to every lounging citizen that prefers the lodge or burrow of his brother to his own ? And yet such, insist European tourists, is, or ought to be, the operation of political equality, if its laws are fairly and fully carried out. The fact is, they are so used to meeting the machinery of government at every turn at home — of hearing some of its wheels buzzing almost in their very bed-chambers, that they presume the operations of ours are equally to be studied in the private relations of life — whereas, the very first principle of our institutions is, *to let us alone as much as possible.*

The shallow satirist may sneer at a *Republican* gentleman organizing his household, with some pretensions to elegance and splendour ; and the theorizing philosopher draw his sage conclusions, from the affectation of exclusiveness which he discovers in some of our fashionable circles ; and think the constitution is violated in spirit, because it leaves people to play the fool as each one pleases. But we at home here, cannot understand how a Brussels carpet can smother the demo-

cratic principle — nor have we much apprehension of evil, from the political influence of a musical club or a waltzing party.

A good government is to the people, politically, what a good currency is to them in a business point of view. The fact of a man's seeing the convenience and simplicity of decimal coins, and preferring the use of dollars, dimes, and cents, to that of pounds, shillings, and pence, has no earthly connexion with the mode in which, or the people with whom, he may choose to spend his money.

But we are detaining the reader too long, from a closer inspection of these agreeable volumes. The following observations upon the structure of society in the United States, are somewhat apposite to our remarks, and though we differ *toto calo* with the author upon more than one point, yet his views recommend themselves by being well expressed, and couched in terms of gentlemanly candour. Nor do we appreciate them less because they convey some unpalatable truths. Nothing, for instance, can be more just than the comment upon the recklessness with which character is assailed, and the servility with which mediocrity is puffed into reputation, by the periodical press of our country.

“Perhaps you will agree with me, that it is less to the state of the whole people as a body that you must look for the degree of success or failure attending any political experiment in a country, than to the interior construction and state of society. That, I should say, is the real test of the applicability of any system, or any theory to the state of the times or of mankind. It is not, surely, whether a man is taxed more or less for the support of his government, — but are the individuals composing the nation, each in his degree, happier, better, more contented : — are the principles of education and of religious instruction sound ; and is the tone of society in general according to the law of God, which is also the law of good taste ? That is surely the best government, where there is not only the most order in the general conduct of the people as a nation, but where in descending to each separate community, of the aggregate of communities, which constitute the nation, we find the greatest amount of security, enjoyment, and liberty, and the fewest instances of crime and suffering. The general aspect of a country, as exhibited in its law, commerce, science, and literature, is but the surface ; to form correct opinions of its real situation, and of the actual condition of its inhabitants, our investigation must descend to those minuter points by which the happiness of individuals is affected ; to all those incidents which tend to make law inoperative, industry unsuccessful, domestic enjoyment uncertain, and property insecure ; or, on the other hand, to establish all these on the firmest basis of prosperity and endurance.

“Among the grievances of the day, the fruits of the prevailing temper of the people and of their government, I should be inclined to class the constant irritation from the rise of political questions — the elections by which the whole mass are more or less agitated from year's end to year's end, and the degrading style of warfare carried on against private character by the innumerable polemical newspapers. No one so good, no one so inoffensive and unblemished in life, — but, on stepping forward

to prefer with others a claim to office — his person is covered with abuse, his character attacked, his family circle broken in upon by the rude and mendacious pen of anonymous scribblers. In the same manner there is no measure in the language of applause ; and a stranger forming his judgment of persons and parties from the alternate bespattering and bespraising of the public prints, would hang in doubt whether the Americans were a nation of demi-gods, or one composed of the most degraded vil'ains.

“ There are certain signs, perhaps it might be said, of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which the most unprejudiced traveller must surely note, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thralldom of mind and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand and fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his fortune. Each is gratified in believing that he has his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern — of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance — of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest — of the possibility of the existence of civilization without cultivation, and you are not understood. I have said it may be the spirit of the times, for we see signs of it, alas, in old England ; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word ; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States between the master and servant, — the child and the parent, — the scholar and the master, — the governor and the governed, — in brief, the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations of life, was the worst sign of the times. Who shall say, but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest which binds us in subjection to the law of God, will not also be weakened, if not broken. This, and this alone, short-sighted as I am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society ; and, if my observation was sufficiently general to be just, you will also grant, there is that which should make a man hesitate whether those glowing expectations for the future, in which else we might all indulge, are compatible with growing looseness of religious, political, and social principle.

“ Besides, the religious man might be inclined to go further, and ask what is the prospect of the people in general with regard to their maintenance of pure doctrine, and fitting forms of religion — whether emancipated as they are from the wing of a national church, and yet seemingly becoming more and more impatient of rule and direction in religious matters, the mass of the people do not run the danger of falling either into cold infidelity or burning fanaticism. The ancient law existing in some of the Eastern States, providing for the maintenance of the clergy, by every citizen being obliged to register himself as belonging to some religious community or other, and to subscribe to the maintenance of

his pastor accordingly, — has been repealed in one case at least, and the maintenance of the minister left to the public good feeling and generosity. The consequence, if report says true, is not in favour of this voluntary system. The good in that State are stated to have become more unfeignedly pious, the vicious more abandoned, and a large population has sprung up that go to no church at all.

“As to the present state of civilized society in the Union, every one will speak as he happens to have seen it. Real, sincere, and unaffected hospitality is to be met with every where. That every foreigner, however polished and distinguished for cultivation of mind and understanding, will, if properly recommended, find in this country acquaintances of congenial habits, is not to be doubted. He will meet with families in whose hospitable interior, wealth, taste, and right feeling combine to render life easy and delightful. In the principal cities he will find circles more or less exclusive, with the majority of individuals composing which he may be proud to acknowledge community of sentiment or feeling. Those circles which are sufficiently exclusive to allow that species of ‘keeping’ to be maintained in the education, manners, and behaviour of those composing it, and in the accessories, which is a distinguishing feature of good society in Europe, are from circumstances easily understood, few in number, comparatively speaking, but such still do exist. For the rest, you find dispersed through the mass, much talent, much wealth, much generosity of mind and feeling, intermingled with qualities which you would hardly find allied with them in other civilized countries. This singular *melange*, one might say, was at the present day characteristic of the country. Attributes which, according to our prejudices, should never be seen on the same carpet, or meet in the same person, are frequently observed in conjunction.

“It is with society in general, as it is with the country, where you may see streets of town-like residences springing up in the midst of the primeval forest, — the squirrel gambolling in the branches at a musket shot from the ‘store,’ where the counter is crowded by the silks of Paris — hear the scream of the wood-pecker within sound of the piano-forte, — and see the rich crop of waving corn deformed by the interspersion of innumerable stumps of ancient forest trees. So it is with society, — you find the rude and the polished in contact; the signs of a state of things which savours of rough simplicity or semi-barbarism, intermingled with those which bespeak the inroads of luxury. You may detect luxury existing without refinement. And surely no one can suppose that it can be otherwise. The cauldron yet boils — the most incongruous substances are mixed up together. It is for time, and time alone, to produce harmony and order, to give every person and every thing its place; and, depend upon it, time will do it. There are, perhaps, national peculiarities, and national vulgarities, called so from their being widely spread, however discountenanced by a few, which time and good sense will correct also.

“From the questions put to me since my return, I gather that much nonsense must have been written and repeated with reference to American equality. Equality of political rights there may be, in other respects there can be none. Outward distinctions of rank may be done away with; the words, cringing, veneration, submission, condescension, and such like, with all the nouns, verbs, and adverbs thereunto belonging,

may be blotted from the Transatlantic dictionary, but distinctions of rank there must be, and such will be felt as long as the world exists — arising from education, breeding, wealth, and talent, and must we not say gentle blood? I do not know how far they will allow that an honourable ancestry can be a cause of honour; but of this I am sure, that even in America, a greater degree of dishonour, and of public contempt, will descend upon the descendant of Washington or Hamilton, who should turn public defaulter, or private scoundrel, than on the son of Tom, Jack, or Harry.

“I need not tell you that distinctions exist, virtually and openly. In society, the patrician despises the plebeian, and the latter feels it. The inferior may pout and pretend as he will, and the superior may indulge in grimace, but the distinction will always be felt, whether acknowledged or no. Social equality, like community of goods now-a-days, is a gracious offer made by those who have nothing, to those who have; — and you rarely meet with one of those aspirants to be considered on an equality with any one really superior to him in rank and position, but you may discover that he considers himself ineffably superior to the poor wight below him.

“It is true, in America the only acknowledged distinction should be, that which is claimed by superior mind and manners. The base coin is, however, extensively mingled with the good, from the very temper and position of the country; and you see there, as in Europe, numbers begentlemanning one another, who have no single claim to the title. Gentleman is an oft-abused term; and that something more was meant by it in old times than is now meant by the title, is evident. It might be as well if the Americans kept in mind the attributes of a true gentleman, that they might discern who really merits the distinction, both among themselves and their visitors.

“It may suit the man of dissipated thoughts and habits, in all countries, to ridicule and hold up to contempt the early precepts of chivalry, calculating the minimum of virtue and self-abandonment, which will allow his conduct to pass current in the midst of a light-minded world; but what a gentleman was in times long gone by, when comparative darkness covered the earth, *that* he should be now in every clime and in every country. Yes, look to the attributes which formed the blazon of a true Christian gentleman of the ancient school — ‘faith, charity, justice, good sense, prudence, temperance, firmness, truth, liberality, diligence, hope, and valour;’ and the vices of which they were to be blameless — ‘swearing, cruelty, avarice, perjury, pride, impurity, indolence, anger, gluttony, and drunkenness’ — and then look at those who would arrogate to themselves the title — and judge.”

The following observations upon the national character of emigrants, as it exhibits itself upon our soil, are clever and just in the main :

“Of all emigrants, the Englishman experiences the most difficulty in settling down in a new country, and making up his mind to yield to circumstances. Whatever may have been his previous position, or his previous language, he comes in general with his mind hampered by prejudice in favour of the customs and habits of his own country; and deeming customary gratifications as absolute necessities of life. He

has not the buoyant elasticity and gaiety of the Frenchman. He has not been subjected to kicks and cuffs like the German; he has not the careless hilarity of the Irishman, and wants the patient endurance and pliancy of the Scotchman.

"These latter classes of settlers, even if they should have formed false views of the country, are still able to bend to circumstances, and make the most of what is frequently a bad bargain.

"Here comes a ship load of Irish. They land upon the wharfs of New-York in rags and open-knee'd breeches, with their raw looks and bare necks; they flourish their cudgels, throw up their torn hats and cry, — 'hurrah for General Jackson!' They get drunk and kick up a row; — lend their forces to any passing disturbance, and make early acquaintance with the interior of the lock-ups. From New-York they go in swarms to the canals, rail-roads, and public works, where they perform the labour which the Americans are not inclined to do: now and then they get up a fight among themselves in the style of the *ould* Ireland, and perhaps kill one another, expressing great indignation and surprise when they find that they must answer for it, though they are in a free country. By degrees, the more thrifty get and keep money, and diving deeper into the continent, purchase lands; while the intemperate and irreclaimable vanish from the surface. The Americans complain, and justly, of the disorderly population which Ireland throws into the bosom of the Union, but there are many reasons why they should be borne with. They, with the poor Germans, do the work which without them could hardly be done. Though the fathers may be irreclaimable, the children become good citizens, — and there is no finer race in the world both for powers of mind and body than the Irish, when favoured by education and under proper control. In one thing the emigrant Irish of every class distinguish themselves above the people of other nations, and that is in the love and kindly feeling which they cherish towards their native land, and towards those whom they have left behind; a fact proved by the large sums which are yearly transmitted from them to the mother country, in aid of their poverty-stricken relatives.

"The Scotchman is the Scotchman all the world over, and always, excepting perhaps in the Eastern States, where his 'cuteness' and prudence is met by yet greater, he is sure to make his way with credit. He bends to the storm and gradually overcomes the difficulties of his position, however great. The Germans and the French both prosper in America. The few of our Gallic neighbours who of late years have been numbered among the emigrants to the United States have been equally national in their heated expectations, and the facility with which they have yielded to any modification or annihilation of them, which experience has shown necessary. We met somewhere on the Mississippi with a *petit bon homme* and his wife, who had been lured out of some snug gossiping village in Tourraine, if I mistake not, to come over to Kentucky with a project of setting up a *café* and *restaurant*, in a place, where, as they might see by the map, four roads met, and where they were told that the diligences always halted. It is so easy to enter into their little whirl of hopes and expectations, and to conceive their utter dismay at finding, after a voyage and journey of many thousand miles, the promised Utopia of the last six months turned into a cross road cut through a dense forest many miles from the nearest squatter. And they were on

the banks of the Mississippi, standing guard over their little pile of trunks full of napkins, liqueur glasses, coffee cups, curaçoa, *annisette*, and '*parfait amour*,' with looks of infinite sang froid and gaiety; and long ere this they have doubtless found a nest, and a comfortable one, in some corner of the wide world of the West.

"But in honest John Bull there is no such pliancy. He may talk of philosophy, but, commonly speaking, he knows nothing about it but the name; and many a buffet and many a vexation which others avoid by stooping, he is sure to get; and this observation applies almost as much to the poorest English emigrant as to the man of a higher class;—from the good Yorkshire-woman whom I found in Pennsylvania, whither her love for her master and mistress had led her to repair, who complained that she 'could not abide America—where the frogs gulped like Dawson's bull, and where there were spiders as big as a platter'—to Mr. V. who with higher expectations and greater refinement, thought to cultivate a thousand acres in the West, as he had cultivated his Bedfordshire farm."

Nothing can be more excellent than the advice here given to an emigrant to the Far West.

"Let him leave his family, and having formed an opinion of the State and the part of the country where he would wish his future purchase to be made; keeping out of the hands of land-jobbers and speculators, he should go forward for a couple of months alone. Instead of repairing to the land-office established on unoccupied lands for the sale, and looking over the surveys, marking for himself a tract that may appear favourably situated on the shores of this or that river, let him turn backwoodsman for a while, doff his superfine clothes, and don the buckskin,—carry with him his rifle, a light axe, and a knife, and with a single companion scout the country for a fortnight, examining the unoccupied lands, or even the occupied ones, many of which may be bought from the backwoodsman. He will in that time be able to form a judgment for himself, and to make up his mind as to the eligibility of a situation;—he may have followed the water courses;—have remarked what facilities are afforded for the erection of mills, or for the exportation of produce to the markets far or near;—have selected a proper situation for his future dwelling, and by a little unwonted exposure, hard fare, and the insight thus given into the habits of the country, have nerved himself to the trial which awaits him and his."

The following is a tempting picture of the rural opulence of a Missouri settler:

"The settler had, in the course of the preceding spring, bought three hundred acres of land of the state, at a dollar and a quarter per acre. He came to work upon it in the month of April, at which time the sound of the axe had never been heard in these forests. During the course of that month, he girdled the trees on ten acres—built himself a log hut—and brought his family out from Independence. At the close of May, after burning the brushwood, and slightly breaking the surface, he sowed the ten acres, upon which the sun now shone freely, unobstruct-

ed by the dying spring foliage, with a bushel and a half of gourd-seed maize; and at the time of my visit in September, he showed me a crop upon the ground ready to harvest, of fifty bushels to the acre — the whole return being, consequently, five hundred bushels for the one and a half sown. At the same time the fodder yielded, by stripping the tall stems of the maize of their broad and redundant leaves, amounted to a thousand bundles, sufficient to afford winter-food for fifteen head of cattle, which, during the summer, had lived and fattened in the forest, with their compeers, the swine, without being a charge upon the owner. Besides this produce, the field had yielded fifty wagon-loads of pumpkins, of which great use is made, both for the family, the negroes, and the stock. Such are the amazing fertility of this region, and the facility with which the necessaries of life may be procured! I have given you this single instance out of many of which I took exact and particular note.

“When I add that the whole tract purchased was of the same inexhaustible richness of soil, covered with the most exuberant and noble forest, many trees which I measured being six yards in girth, abounding with excellent water and limestone, situated at a point where there would be no difficulty in transporting any quantity of produce to a market, you may well suppose that the owner cannot but become wealthy. There are reasons why many who are in equally favourable situations do not. Loss of health is very frequently the lot of those who occupy these teeming lands; and I have ordinarily observed, that the ease and little expenditure of labour and anxiety with which men of this class find themselves enabled to gain food, and even superfluities, seem to unnerve their bodies and unstring their minds. Many become listless and unenterprising, and lose that energy which can alone secure riches.”

Nor is this glowing description of a prairie scene less inviting to one bent upon roving off to the land of promise beyond the mountains :

“At this early hour the sweetness and freshness of the air were indescribably delicious; and though the gaudy Flora of the declining year was in a great degree void of perfume, yet it seemed as if every sense partook of enjoyment. It is just at this time when the sun’s level beams begin to warm the dank surface of these wide meadows, that the air is filled with the mournfully sweet and glassy notes of the yellow-breasted meadow-lark, as she rises from her covert in the tall grass, and flies, as you advance, from one tuft of wild indigo to another. It is then that groups of that fine species of grouse, the prairie-fowl,* are to be seen sitting upon the trampled sod of the track, sunning themselves, while with outstretched neck and expanded ruff the watchful cock-bird gives careful notice of the approach of a human foot. It is then that the deer may be met with, bounding to covert; and that the white and black autumnal moths are seen fluttering among the flowers and grass in myriads.

“As the sun gets higher, the falcon may be observed on the alert, with his level wing and piercing eye, slanting along the trail, peeping into every rut, and prying into every tuft of grass for the grouse, who in-

* *Tetrao pratensis*.

stantly bury themselves in the wilderness of plants, and thus escape his rapacious gripe. At the same time the moths disappear, and in their place numbers of winged grasshoppers, yellow, green, and red, rise from the side of the road, take their short flight of half a dozen yards, play the butterfly for an instant, and then drop heavily among the flowers."

He, who is bent upon such an enterprize, may gather something useful in the way of wood-craft, from the following instructions as to the best mode of making a *camp fire* :

"The Frenchman goes hopping about among the dry branches on the ground, gathers a handful or two, blows up a little miserable fire, which just suffices to cook his supper, and will send him shuffling forth to fetch more wood every half-hour : but not so the backwoodsman — he looks to the wind, and fixes upon the exact spot and 'lay' of his future camp. He takes his axe, glances knowingly up at the tall trees, and sets confident to work. The power of the American axe, and the skill with which it is wielded, may well excite the admiration of a European. The weapon itself is no more to be compared with the vile chopper commonly seen in the hands of one of our woodmen, than a gimblet can be compared to a centre-bit. It is formed upon a different principle — the handle is set far forward, and it acts upon the tree, more from the wedge-like form, its own weight, and the skilful swing which gives it impetus, than from any great exertion of strength on the part of the woodman. In fact, sleight more than strength is employed in its use. The rapidity with which the huge trees of the forest fall before a single pair of well-swung axes is really marvellous ; and the axe may rank with maize and steam as one of the three things which have conquered the Western World. But to our camp-fire : suppose the tree so felled as to fall in a line with the wind, cleared of the branches and the top, this will be called the back-log. The woodman then prepares two shorter lengths, from the same or another tree, of perhaps three feet in length, which he places at right angles, in advance of the main log, about two yards apart. They serve for dogs or andirons, and upon these in front another huge log of some close-grained wood is in due time placed parallel and nearly in contact with the back-log ; the narrow gap between being filled with lighter wood. This is called the fore-stick. A camp-fire so constructed will last through a long winter's night, with an occasional addition of a few sticks, of which a heap is always collected and at hand, to be thrown every few hours into the gap, which, fanned by the air passing in under the fore-stick, becomes heaped with glowing charcoal. The heat of a fire so constructed is very great, as we know well, for sometimes we were almost roasted in our tents. The latter are generally pitched in front, a few feet from the fore-stick, and if the wind remain steady, the smoke will all night long be driven off in such a direction as to leave you in good humour."

He may learn from this, too, that "asking questions" is full as allowable in the region of "reckoning" over the Mississippi, as it is in the land of "guessing" east of the Hudson.

"A degree of inquisitiveness, which would be called impertinent in

the more crowded walks of life, is both allowable and natural in the wilderness. Removed far from the ordinary communication with their kind, and still further from the theatre of great events; rarely visited by strangers unlike themselves — nothing is more conceivable than that a desire to satisfy curiosity, to hear something new, to keep up their connexion with passing events, should render the backwoodsmen inquisitive; and far from being either surprised or bored by the exercise of such a natural propensity in these individuals, I have felt sympathy with it, and always deemed it my duty to satisfy that craving which was so comprehensible, to the utmost of my ability.

“I am far from having found people of this description, whether in the South, North, or West, disposed to go beyond what might be deemed allowable in their peculiar position, if rightly considered. As to the constant, impertinent, audacious, and persevering cross-questioning which many English travellers, male and female, have complained of, in society, in coaches, and at taverns, as a national trait, — and which I should probably have as little patience with as themselves; all that I can observe is, that neither my companion nor myself were subjected to it, and it might be surmised, whether the complainants had not either fallen into remarkably bad company, or laid themselves open to it by singularity of conduct, manners, or demeanour.”

Mr. Latrobe accompanied Washington Irving in his “tour to the prairies,” and the reader of that delightful work will recognize many a scene and character with which Mr. I.’s book has already made him familiar. Our author appears to have been particularly successful in buffalo hunting; and he dwells upon the pleasures of the chase with inspiring felicity. In relation to the buffalo he observes:

“How it is, that an enterprising people like the Americans, have not long ago domesticated this animal, and crossed the breed of European cattle, is to me a mystery. However frequently asserted, we have never heard of a well-accredited instance of its being attempted successfully.”

Upon this point we can relieve our tourist, by recording that we *know* the experiment to have been made, having actually seen the result, in cattle of the second and third generation, upon the plantation of Mr. Wicliffe of Kentucky, whose enterprize as an agriculturalist, is not, perhaps, so widely known as his eminence as a lawyer.

The extracts already quoted, must have given our readers a favourable opinion of the literary merit of this work, and we can assure them that it abounds in passages of vivid interest and beauty; among these we would instance the following description of “Goat Island:”

“Morning, noon, and night, found us strolling about the shore, and on the island, which is an earthly paradise. I remember the quiet hours spent there, when fatigued with the glare of the hot bright sun, and the din of the Falls, with peculiar delight. We loved, too, to escape from all those signs of man’s presence, and busy-bodding to which I have al-

luded, and, burying ourselves in the fresh, dark, scarce-trodden forest still covering a great part of its area, to listen to the deadened roar of the vast cataracts on either hand, swelling on the air distinct from every other sound.

"There, seated in comparative solitude, you catch a peep, across a long irregular vista of stems, of the white vapour and foam. You listen to the sharp cry of the blue jay, the tap of the red-headed woodpecker, and the playful bark of the squirrel; you scan the smooth white boles of the beech or birch, chequered with broad patches of dark-green moss, the stately elm and oak, the broad-leaved maple, the silvery white and exquisitely chiselled trunk of the cedar, or the decaying trunk of the huge chesnut garlanded with creepers; but you will hardly ever lose the consciousness of the locality. The spell of Niagara is still upon and around you. You glance again and again at the white veil which thickens or grows dim beyond the leafy forest: the rush of the nearer rapids, the din of falling waters, the murmur of the echoes answering the pulsations of the descending mass, fill your ears, and pervade all nature.

"Every thing around and about you appears to reply to the Cataract, and to partake of it, none more so than the evergreen forest which is bathed from year to year in the dew of the river. These noble trees, as they tower aloft on the soil, are sustained from youth to age by the invigorating spray of the mighty Falls. Their leaves are steeped, summer after summer, in the heavy dew, their trunks echo the falling waters, from the day they rise from the sod, to that in which they are shaken to the ground; and the fibres of the huge moss-grown trunk, on which you sit, prostrate and mouldering on the rich mould beneath, bedded in the fresh grass and leaves, still vibrate to the sound of its thunders, and crumble gradually to dust."

There is a fearful interest in the following account of the voyage of the first steam-boat on the Western waters:

"Hitherto nothing extraordinary had been perceived. The following day they pursued their monotonous voyage in those vast solitudes. The weather was observed to be oppressively hot; the air misty, still, and dull; and though the sun was visible, like a glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them became evident. And as they sat on deck, they ever and anon heard a rushing sound and violent splash, and saw large portions of the shore tearing away from the land and falling into the river. It was, as my informant said, 'an awful day; so still, that you could have heard a pin drop on the deck.' They spoke little, for every one on board appeared thunderstruck. The comet had disappeared about this time, which circumstance was noticed with awe by the crew.

"The second day after their leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun rose over the forests the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, dull, and oppressive as before. The portentous signs of this terrible natural convulsion continued and increased. The pilot, alarmed and confused, affirmed that he was lost, as he found the channel every where altered; and where he had hitherto known deep water, there lay numberless trees with their roots upward. The trees were seen waving and nodding on

the bank, without a wind ; but the adventurers had no choice but to continue their route. Towards evening they found themselves at a loss for a place of shelter. They had usually brought to under the shore, but everywhere they saw the high banks disappearing, overwhelming many a flat-boat and raft, from which the owners had landed and made their escape. A large island in mid-channel, which was selected by the pilot as the better alternative, was sought for in vain, having disappeared entirely. Thus, in doubt and terror, they proceeded hour after hour till dark, when they found a small island, and rounded to, by mooring themselves to the foot of it. Here they lay, keeping watch on deck during the long autumnal night—listening to the sound of the waters which roared and gurgled horribly around them ; and hearing, from time to time, the rushing earth slide from the shore, and the commotion as the falling mass of earth and trees was swallowed up by the river. The lady of the party, a delicate female, who had just been confined on board as they lay off Louisville, was frequently awakened from her restless slumber by the jar given to the furniture and loose articles in the cabin, as, several times in the course of the night, the shock of the passing earthquake was communicated from the island to the bows of the vessel. It was a long night, but morning dawned and showed them that they were near the mouth of the Ohio. The shores and the channel were now equally unrecognizable, for every thing seemed changed. About noon that day they reached the small town of New Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Here they found the inhabitants in the greatest distress and consternation ; part of the population had fled in terror to the higher grounds, others prayed to be taken on board, as the earth was opening in fissures on every side, and their houses hourly falling around them.

“Proceeding from thence, they found the Mississippi, at all times a fearful stream, now unusually swollen, turbid and full of trees ; and after many days of great danger, though they felt and perceived no more of the earthquakes, they reached their destination at Natchez, at the close of the first week in January, 1812, to the great astonishment of all, the escape of the boat having been considered an impossibility.

“At that time you floated for three or four hundred miles on the rivers without seeing a human habitation.

“Such was the voyage of the first steamer.”

There is a characteristic anecdote told on the Mississippi, in relation to the earthquake thus described : The observation of the people who were exposed to its terrors, taught them that the fissures in the earth ran parallel to each other in one direction. Accordingly the undaunted backwoodmen proceeded to fell trees, in such a manner as to bridge the chasms, in anticipation of their yawning beneath them ; and upon these trees their wives and children were placed, whenever the succeeding throes of the earth gave some new intimation of danger.

But we must now take leave of our entertaining “Rambler.” This article has already much exceeded the usual length, and the quotations are perhaps in undue proportion to the text ; but we were desirous of giving our readers a foretaste of a work which may not reach them for

some time yet ; and which, judging from our examination of the proof-sheets will most agreeably repay perusal.

We conclude with one more extract, which will recommend itself to those who take an interest in the attempts to civilize the aborigines on our Western frontier :

“ Of all the Indian tribes at which we got a glance, this and the following year, the Osage came nearest to our idea of the North American Indian. The Southern Indian struck us as being more effeminate ; and the more northern tribes, though I own they were in appearance far finer specimens of manly beauty, yet wanted much of the dignity of march and demeanour of the poor Osage. He is truly the child of the desert ; and while the Creek and the Cherokee, whom circumstances have brought into his neighbourhood, are in some degree showing an inclination to bend to their circumstances, and cultivate the ground, and may attain to a certain degree of civilization, the Osages still scorn the alternative of labour to famine. Their Great Father at Washington sends them milch cows, draught oxen, and farming utensils, and delegates to instruct them in their management and use. The Missionaries provide schools, and by labouring themselves, attempt to show that labour and freedom are compatible with each other. The squaw is cajoled to send her son to school ; but what is the consequence of all these well-meant attempts to civilize them ? The cows are killed to get the milk — and the oxen are killed because the Indian cannot see the wisdom of starving while so much food is walking about. The Indian attempt at ploughing, which begins with seven able-bodied warriors assisting the coulter in its operation, ends with the machine being broken or thrown aside in disgust. The agent, who, seeing the impossibility of getting them to do any thing when the object is not manifest and of speedy fulfilment, encloses a large tract, sows it with maize, keeps it in his own hands till ripe, and then, summoning the band, says — ‘ My brethren ! your village is composed of twenty lodges — here are twenty acres of ripe corn — take it, and divide it justly.’ The chiefs grunt their approbation — ‘ It is all good — very good !’ The satisfied agent goes to bed, and when he gets up at sunrise the next morning, sees three hundred hobbled horses eating, fighting, and trampling the corn into the earth : one of the joint proprietors having had the bright idea that by hobbling his horse and putting him into the field, the share appertaining to him might be gathered without any manual labour or mental exertion on his part ; a felicitous idea, which is soon hailed and followed by the rest. This is a fact ! Again — instead of feeling under an obligation for the instruction offered to their young, the Osage father thinks the boy ought to receive wages for going to school. Even in the case when the Missionaries, through circumstances, have contrived to keep a young Indian half-breed (for a full-blood Indian can hardly ever be detained beyond childhood) for a few years, and given him some insight into the most common laws and uses of agriculture ; the only consequence is, that when he goes back to his tribe, he is worth nothing — he is neither able to subsist in the manner of the Pale-faces, nor to hunt with his red brethren, and frequently becomes an outcast. Yet, though this seems to be the unsuccessful issue of most attempts to civilize the Osage — I am aware that there is one trial making on the Neosho, by a person of great

tact, prudence, and Christian principle, where he has a fine fertile tract under his own cultivation, and the control of a small band of Osages, which promises well. But few of his Indians join the great spring and autumnal hunts, or the war parties of the tribe — and that is certainly a proof of success ; for, in general, you might as soon expect the young wolf, whom you bring up from a cub, in apparent gentleness and attachment to your person, to remain so, when, having come to his full strength, he has once strayed beyond his chain — seen the round moon — snuffed the night air — and heard the howl of his compeers in the mountains, as you can that the young Indian should lie by and labour the earth with the spade and harrow, when he sees his brethren dance the buffalo-dance, and turn their faces to the broad desert — or hears the war-whoop of his tribe. For the rest, the life of the Indian is well known, and I need not dwell upon it.”

LOVE SURVIVING MISFORTUNE.

I.

Oh, Time's unsparing hands
Have been in Beauty's bow'rs,
And strewn, with blighting sands,
Its freshest leaves and flow'rs.
The joyful crowd is gone,
That once, in hurried measure,
Fill'd it with many a witching tone
Of fond but fleeting pleasure.

II.

And thou, that mad'st it dear,
The sweetest flow'r it cherish'd,
Forgotten, still art where
Those failing ones have perish'd —
Forgotten all, by men,
No longer gathering round thee,
Yet will I love thee still, as when
In that bright day I found thee.

III.

Still, still, my love is thine,
And though the tempest shake thee,
While suns refuse to shine,
I cannot thus forsake thee.
But, in the stormiest night,
No kind star beaming o'er thee,
A humble, but a constant light
Of love, I bear before thee.

G. B SINGLETON.

THE JESUITS.

THE commencement of the Sixteenth Century is one of the most interesting periods in the history of Europe and mankind. From this era we trace the progress of the arts, the revival of letters, the dawn of the Reformation, the establishment of the balance of power in politics, and the discovery of a new world. Mankind, awakening from the deep slumber of the middle ages, and perceiving that the darkness which had long brooded over Europe was passing away, were then animated with all the enthusiasm of new-born life : every thing around them bore the impress of novelty. From the throne to the cottage, from the Vatican to the humblest cell, all classes caught the spirit of enquiry. The fountains of truth were broken up, and new opinions burst forth, and new schemes swept over society, and new theories gushed out from these deep-seated springs, until the old and new world were deluged by the overflowing waters.

To this period, the scholar and the statesman always recur with feelings of absorbing interest. It opens a new book in the study of human nature, and no one can read its pages without pleasure and without improvement. The character of the age was marked with wildness and extravagance : when all that was brilliant in talent, ardent in enterprise, enthusiastic in religion, chivalric in honour, and daring in ambition, was centered in the courts of Europe, when the arts were fostered by a Leo X., and when Wolsey and Cranmer alternately moulded the passions of Henry VIII. ; when a Charles and a Francis were rivals in the field, and a Solyman led on the Turkish hordes to victory ; when a Luther sapped the foundations of the Holy See by his indignant eloquence, and a Melancthon gained all hearts by his mild persuasion ; when a Columbus poured the light of civilization upon a new world, and a god-like art was diffusing the blessings of knowledge through the old ; — when all these elements were thus mingled together, can we suppose that the mass of mankind remained as sluggish and inanimate as the clods of the valley ? Such is not human nature. This was an age of revolution in opinions, in government, and in religion. While many were animated by the most enlarged views and the purest philanthropy, others were the slaves of visionary schemes, of ambition, or of fanaticism. Zealots in religion then understood the art of crushing individual opinions by the force of combinations as well as now ; and bigotry exerted a wider influence, because her motives were less apparent.

To the state of Europe at this period, and to the character of the age, we may ascribe the establishment of the order of the Jesuits. Ignatius

Loyola, an illiterate soldier, deeply imbued with enthusiasm and ambition, was prompted by the spirit of fanaticism, or incited by the love of power, to found a Society which at one period was the bulwark of the Romish faith, and whose history belongs to the world. The Papal authority then required both allies and aid. Germany had already shaken off the yoke of Romish supremacy; England was following rapidly in her train; the infallibility of the Pope was the laughing-stock of Europe; every part of the system was successfully assailed, and weakness and distrust marked all the efforts of its defenders.

At this moment of darkness and of doubt, when the friends of Catholicism were wavering, and its opponents in triumph, Loyola offered the services of his society to the Holy See. He plighted his faith with all the zeal of a fanatic, and all the enthusiasm of a new convert. The common vows of poverty, of chastity, and of monastic obedience, were not rigid enough for his deep devotion. He promised, also, unlimited obedience to the Pope; his slightest wishes were to be the law of the order, and his commands as imperative as those of heaven. Offers like these were dazzling and irresistible. The scruples of the Pontiff were at once removed; the opposition of the Cardinals ceased; the fears of rival fraternities were disregarded, and the Society of the Jesuits became the leading religious order in Europe.

While the Jesuits thus owed their origin to the fanaticism and ambition of Loyola, the foundations of their future greatness were laid by more skilful hands. Loyola was gifted with enthusiasm to conceive a scheme like this, but was deficient in foresight to direct its execution. His immediate successors, Laynez and Aquaviva, possessed talents far better calculated to guide the mind of Europe, and to triumph over the fears and follies of mankind. With profound policy they surveyed the field before them, and found that ignorance and superstition were brooding over all the dominions of the Church of Rome. They found that the teachers of truth were but the blind leaders of the blind, and that those who wielded the sceptre of temporal power, were the fittest tools for their ambitious schemes. They knew the influence of *mind* upon matter, and determined to carve their way to power by superior knowledge. Flattery and intrigue, they were convinced, would aid their purposes more effectually than humility and christian zeal; while the study of human nature promised them greater temporal advantages than the study of the word of God.

With these views they framed a constitution, and entered upon a course of policy which they were convinced would place their order at the head of the Catholic world. The faintest outline portrays the character of their code and the nature of their practice. Their society was not confined to any particular rank in life, nor did it require an entire renunciation of worldly interests. They received within their pale, men of every class and in every situation. The scholar and the clown, the ru-

ler and the subject, men of every nation and of every language, might all enlist under the banner of Jesuitism. The polished courtier and the simple Indian, the gay Parisian and the rigid Brahmin, were alike welcome and equally serviceable. In their deep game of intrigue, it was necessary to adapt themselves to every character. They were to mingle with their fellow men in every situation; to gain their confidence by entering into their schemes, and to influence their minds by sharing in their follies. With the young they were to practise the amusements of childhood; they were to assuage the sorrows of age, by sympathizing with its cares; with the rigid they were to be demure, and with the dissolute they were to be licentious. To the scholar they were to impart the riches of knowledge, but were also to descend to the level with the ignorant. They were to gain the ears of princes in the confessional; they were to secure the pulpits; and they were to direct the public education. Their influence was thus to commence with the cradle, and end only with the grave. Instead of inculcating christian charity, their members were to scatter dissension with an unsparing hand. The ties of friendship were to be disregarded; the bonds of brotherhood rent asunder. They were to stand alone, a bundle of machines, propping up a fabric of spiritual power;—automata, guided only by the will of their Superior, and yet engaged in a cause which self-preservation compelled them never to abandon.

Over men guided by such dangerous maxims of expediency, their Superior possessed unlimited sway. His was no little brief authority, enforced by penance and confined to the walls of a single monastery. His power was absolute despotism, enjoyed for life and acknowledged by twenty thousand members. Every Jesuit was, in his hands, a passive instrument; and in their blasphemous language, his injunctions were as sacred as those of Christ himself. By a system of espionage, compared with which the admirable arrangements of the French Police sink into insignificance, he could read at a glance the character of all his subordinates. During their long noviciate, they were required to confess, not merely their actual sins, but also to acknowledge their inclinations and their very thoughts. Every thing was put upon record. At regular periods the books were opened, and the General of the Order, as if in mockery of the Most High, searched out the secrets of every member's heart. At the present day, it seems almost incredible that a body of men professing Christianity could be guided by such principles. But the code of the Jesuits is before the world; their *Secreta Monita* are now open to every eye; and mankind, by sad experience, have learned that vice may stalk abroad under the garb of an angel of light.

With these maxims of policy, and with such a government, the Jesuits commenced their operations. We find, on examination of their history, that they were faithful at least to the principles of their order. But few instances of apostacy or of wavering can be found among

their members. They understood the value of the stake for which they played, and they managed the game with a master's hand. It required but few years for them to establish their society upon a firm foundation. Their success has often been a subject of comment, and speculation has wearied itself to discover the causes of their advancement. Besides the state of Europe, to which we have already alluded, there were many other sources from which they derived their prosperity.

None were more deeply impressed than the Jesuits with the great truth, that "knowledge is power." Following one of the fundamental principles of their society, they in a short time engrossed nearly all the learning of the old world. Jesuits became private tutors: Jesuits became public instructors. Their schools alone were celebrated, and their colleges alone were thronged with pupils. From these sources they acquired that influence which mind must always exert; and this power was the more extensive, as the ignorance of the age invested learning with the garb of majesty. All classes had learned to regard the Jesuits as the ornaments of the world of letters. They were right in this opinion. Were books published? Their authors were Jesuits. Were discoveries made in science or the arts? To this Society was the palm awarded. If their opponents attacked them through the press, they bore down reason by superior arguments, or silenced the voice of truth by the keenness of their ridicule. All at length withdrew from a contest in which resistance seemed only to aggravate defeat; and the Jesuits, successful in this important branch of their policy, had the education of Europe under their control. With such a lever, it is not surprising that they moved both the moral and political world. The influence acquired by them over the mind in youth, was retained in manhood; and the impressions then given to the plastic character, in after years were seldom effaced.

The Jesuits aimed at other situations besides those of mere instructors. It was their object to occupy the confessional chair, and through the medium of superstition to direct the actions of their votaries. At that period the office of spiritual adviser was one of no slight responsibility. Every religious order sought to engross this important station, as the church and the monastery often received convincing proofs of the efficacy of this influence. Of this Laynez was well aware, when in the *Secreta Monita* he advised his followers to gain the confidence of the great; to pry into the secrets of the wealthy; to persuade widows of property to remain unmarried, and to devote their riches to the advancement of religion. Like many zealots, religion and the advancement of his own order were with him synonymous.

In this scheme of religious intrigue the Jesuits were pre-eminently successful. Their superior acquirements, their versatility, and their elastic morality, soon gave them the preponderance over every other society. They learned not merely the sins and frailties of the great, but penetra-

ted also into every scheme of state policy, and every plan of private aggrandizement. Such opportunities were not neglected. The Jesuits became the most ambitious and successful politicians in the courts of Europe. By this secret, but overwhelming influence, Father Peters moulded the views of the misguided James II.; and Le Tellier, with equal adroitness, insinuated himself into the confidence of Louis XIV. With private individuals they prosecuted their schemes with equal ardour. The levities of youth were easily excused, and the confirmed indulgences of manhood winked at or disregarded. It was their object to conciliate, rather than to harass, the conscience, and to advance their own interests without propagating strict morality. When their Society required austerities, they were the most rigid of confessors; when their coffers were empty, they enjoined the strictest penance, and required the most costly offerings; but when they wished merely to supplant their rivals, or to gain a proselyte, nothing could be more pliant than their rules, and nothing more general than their maxims of expediency. While the Jesuits extended their influence thus indirectly, they openly enriched their coffers by commercial speculations. They understood the corrupt character of their age, and felt that wealth might be used as an important engine in their cause. The Pope readily granted them a special license to trade with those nations they were labouring to convert; and they thus embarked at once on the full tide of commercial monopoly. The emissaries of the society where every where on the alert. They established depots; they sought out new markets; they investigated the resources of every country, and struggled for wealth with an all-grasping avarice. It is true, they had taken the vows of poverty; but in their zeal for their society they were forgetful of their oath. A sceptical mind might be pardoned for doubting the extent of their operations and the rapidity of their progress. Did not well-authenticated history vouch for their enterprize, the whole story of their speculations might well be deemed an idle fable. We know that mankind will submit to every privation, and encounter every danger, when their own interest is at stake; but that a body of men should court every hazard for the advancement of a society proverbially ungrateful, is almost incredible. But the character of the Jesuits was ever an enigma. Their motives were always deep and hidden; and the ordinary rules of human action do not apply to their conduct. Wherever wealth could be accumulated, or influence obtained; wherever converts could be gained, or Catholicism extended, there the Jesuits sprang up, as it were, by enchantment. They established colonies in both the Indies; they found their way to the court of Japan. They obtained almost supreme authority in China, and in Paraguay they ruled over nations of the natives. They settled in California; they penetrated into Abyssinia: in Cochin they sought to engross the pearl-fishery; and in Malta, by monopolising the corn trade, almost starved the Islanders to enrich themselves. From

all these sources wealth poured into their common treasury; and while their vows restricted them to the mere necessities of life, they were secretly amassing the riches of the world.

While the rapid progress of Jesuitism may be ascribed to these apparent causes, it must also be confessed that they were faithful and devoted to their constitution and the principles of their founders. The restraints of religion, and even the most pliant codes of morality, seldom threw obstacles in their way. When a body of men take expediency for their motto, and follow out the principles inculcated by this sentiment, they are seldom thwarted by ordinary opposition. So it was with the Jesuits. To expose their numerous subterfuges, and to recount their open or alleged crimes, would be an endless task. We are unwilling to condemn the whole institution for the sins of a portion of its members. Much may be attributed to the character of the age; much to the spirit of wild fanaticism, and many allowances must be made for the exaggerations of their rivals. Still there are dark spots in their history which we cannot view without disgust and indignation. The crimes of Ravallac obscure the mild virtues of Bourdaloue, and the softer traits of the pious divine are lost when placed in bold relief with the darker lineaments of the assassin. Both these Jesuits were devoted to the cause of their society; both submitted to the same code, and were bound by the same principles; and yet in the same cause the one displayed all the virtues of a saint, and the other all the malignity of a fiend. Instances of inconsistency quite as glaring as this, are stamped upon the order. They often thundered forth anathemas from the pulpit, and the next moment, under the same circumstances, whispered forgiveness from the confessional. They turned the hand of brother against brother, and threw suspicion and distrust over the most sacred relations of life; and still they preached of Christian charity, and proclaimed themselves the servants of a crucified Lord. While they were compassing sea and land to gain one proselyte, they did not hesitate to pervert entirely the spirit of Christianity, and to pollute the fountains of eternal truth. In India they forged a pedigree to prove themselves the descendants of Brahma; and to the American savage they represented themselves as the servants of one whose arrow never erred, and whose tomahawk never flew in vain. Upon the same principle, in New Zealand they would have proclaimed the Saviour of the world a cannibal; and in Turkey they would have converted heaven into a sensual paradise.

The servile devotion of the Jesuits to the interests of their order was not without its reward. They triumphed over all other religious societies; they engrossed all the powers of the church, and even numbered among their members several of the sovereigns of Europe. Their measures were conducted with so much secrecy, and the principles of their constitution were then so imperfectly understood, that awe restrained the gaze of curiosity, and checked for a while the spirit of enquiry.

Two centuries rolled on, after the foundation of their Society, and the state of Europe was entirely changed. A succession of wars had shaken it to its centre ; the infallibility of the Pope was more than ever disregarded ; monarchs began to suspect a body of men, who had so often interfered with their schemes of policy, and infidelity was sapping the foundations of all religious faith. The extortions of the Jesuits had been felt ; their proceedings in foreign climes had been observed ; their machinations at home had been suspected and proclaimed ; the way for their downfall was paved ; and when reverses fell upon the society, they had enemies on the alert to profit by their misfortunes.

Some abstruse discussion in theology, or some knotty point in metaphysics, had involved them in a discussion with the rival sect of the Jansenists. The powers of both parties were exerted to the utmost ; the question became one of state policy ; all ranks took sides in the dispute, and finally the point in controversy was referred to the Pope as the only impartial arbiter. At Rome the influence of the Jesuits prevailed : they had been devoted allies of the Holy See, and were not deserted by it in their extremity. The opinions of the Jansenists were denounced as heretical ; but even this did not satisfy their opponents. The Jesuits continued their persecution, and at length the supreme unction was refused to all who did not bow to the Papal decision. In a Catholic country, where this last sacrament of the Church is considered as the passport to heaven, such a measure produced one universal thrill of horror. To deprive the dying sinner of all hopes of pardon, and to wreak vengeance even in the grave, was a refinement of cruelty of which Jesuitism alone was capable. The Jansenists were thus exposed to many of the woes of excommunication. True, indeed, all religious ceremonies were not suspended ; but still the dying anticipated the death-pang without a ray of consolation, while the zealous Catholic mourned over his departed friend, with the conviction that the soul had perished together with the body.

This state of gloom could not be of long continuance. Eternal happiness or misery was a stake of too much importance to be thus trifled with. The French parliament interfered, and after a state of things bordering on anarchy, the rights of religion were resumed.

This flagrant intolerance of the Jesuits opened the eyes of all classes of society. This was not a time when the Monkish habit could protect profligacy, or when the errors of religion were deemed too sacred for censure. There was no taking sanctuary against public opinion. The contests between rival sects had brought down the fathers of the church to the common level. The veil of sanctity which once shrouded the altar, had been rudely rent asunder, and all the arts, and all the intrigues, and all the profligacy of the priesthood, were exposed to the public gaze. Men had learned to cope with their instructors in the field of philosophy. They had discovered the secret of their strength, and had tested their

own powers. A spirit of licentious enquiry was stalking over France, and themes once approached with religious awe, were rapidly becoming objects of ridicule. Philosophy was engaged in ferreting out imposition, and while its votaries were actually laughing down the mummeries of superstition, they were, at the same time, insinuating doubts as to every religious truth. The shafts of innovation were directed by them, not merely at Jesuitism, but at every thing which displayed the impress of Christianity.

In the midst of these difficulties the Jesuits forgot their former prudence. After establishing their power by feeling the public pulse, they now neglected to notice its fluctuations. Instead of humouring the inclinations of the age; instead of guiding, if they could not restrain, public opinion, they seemed determined to thwart it at every hazard. They had persecuted the Jansenists, until they had roused the slumbering genius of Pascal; they had refused the sacraments until they had brought upon themselves the censures of the French Parliament; they had ridiculed the *Encyclopædia* until they had made all the philosophers their foes; they had promulgated tenets of expediency, until the life of their protector, Louis XV., had been attempted by the assassin Damiens; and in the midst of all these embarrassments, they became rigid moralists, and excited the indignation of a corrupt court by refusing the spiritual guidance of Madame de Pompadour.

But one thing more was necessary to complete their downfall. Although the dangerous intrigues of the society were well known, still their opponents could fasten upon no tangible proofs of their guilt. Accident, at last, brought their constitution before the world. By their commercial speculations, they had become involved in lawsuits; their records were called in question, and the courts of Paris demanded their production. All that had hitherto been concealed from the eye of curiosity, or dimly shadowed forth in conjecture, was now revealed. Their dangerous maxims; their crooked course of policy; their dark and mysterious constitution; all that the foes of Jesuitism could desire, and all that the friends of the society could wish to have concealed, were thus dragged into light. The effect was electrical. Ridicule and reasoning, the open attack and the sly invective, were all combined to point out the alarming tendency of the institution. Even the friends of Jesuitism began to waver. They had supported the cause, when surmises alone were employed against them; they had rejected many charges as the mere effusions of malice, but they could not resist the mass of evidence thus forced upon their view. An insulted people were rising in their majesty; the flood-gates of popular prejudice were thrown open; until even Louis XV., who had long been under their influence, was compelled to yield to the torrent, and sign the edict of their expulsion from France.

The causes of their downfall in the other states of Europe, are marked only by the slightest shades of difference. In Portugal, their whole history is a series of conspiracies. In Spain, the picture is equally gloomy. They distracted England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and harrassed the court by the continual fear of plots and assassinations. In their remote settlements they pursued the same course of policy. From Japan they were expelled for interfering with the government; and in America, their colonies were suppressed because they attempted to control the politics of half the continent. We believe that the Jesuits were dangerous as a sect, and that their influence was equally hostile to freedom of opinion and to religious truth. We believe that if the Society had been founded at an earlier period, and if their admirable mechanism had been rivetted on the mind before the dawn of the Reformation, Europe might still be crouching beneath their yoke. We rejoice that the institution was suppressed, and should mourn over its restitution. But still, in the character of the Jesuits there is much to admire. We must grant to them the meed of superior acquirements; we must acknowledge that the literature of Europe is indebted to them for much of its refinement; and we must confess, that in unwearied enterprize and patient endurance they stand unrivalled. We may point among them to devoted missionaries, enduring every privation and braving every danger; to generous philanthropists reclaiming the savage, establishing laws, and founding a government almost patriarchal amidst the wilds of Paraguay; to fathers of the church, whose lives were an ornament to the religion which they professed; and to scholars, who are still regarded as giants in the world of letters. With all these examples of moral sublimity among individual members, the society itself was nothing more than the incorporated spirit of selfishness.

At present Jesuitism attracts but little attention. The Bull of 1814, by which the Pope revived the Order, and recommended it to the patronage of every Catholic, was, in its day, the subject of much speculation. More exciting events have since agitated the old world, and now, the influence of this Society, if exerted, in Europe seems unfelt or disregarded.

In our own country the Jesuits are still regarded by many with distrust and fear. The youthful West, with its millions of population, its wealth and free institutions, is rushing up to giant manhood, and all parties in politics, and all denominations in religion, are eager to secure a foot-hold upon its soil. The despots of Europe have not looked with indifference upon this scene. The wealth of the Church of Rome has been scattered with a lavish hand; her emissaries are every where at work, and many anticipate the time when the Valley of the Mississippi will become the arena of her intrigues, and, perhaps, the seat of her power. If the West is to become a battle-field of opinion; if the conflict is there to be joined with Jesuitism on the one hand, and the Consti-

tution of our country on the other, it is high time for us to buckle on our armour. We must meet them with a determined, but peaceful, resistance. If they are indefatigable, we must outdo them in zeal: if they resort to intrigue, we must spread far and wide the blessings of civil and religious truth. In this struggle there is no neutral ground. The spirit of Jesuitism is at war with all our Republican institutions. They cannot exist together; for the triumph of the one sounds the death-knell of the other.

We still indulge the hope, that the history of Jesuitism will soon become a tale of by-gone days. The monuments of its glory are now in ruins; and it requires the hand of some Old Mortality to remove the moss of ages, to renew the defaced inscription, and display to the passing observer the legends of its former greatness. May its intrigues and its corruptions; its rise; its progress, and its downfall, be ever considered more suitable themes for the researches of the antiquarian than for the sober investigation of the philosopher and statesman.

 THE PAGE OF LOVE.

I.

Stay thee, my gentle Boy, now stay,
 For yonder beams the beacon light,
 To guide me o'er the rugged way
 My feet must tread to-night —
 Why dost thou tremble, boy? — be strong,
 I will not keep thee long.

II.

Conceal thyself, secure, beneath
 The close and spreading umbrage round,
 And do not let thy roving breath
 Give forth a single sound:
 Thou tremblest yet, thou timid boy —
 I tremble too — with joy.

III.

Now, as thou lovest me, be more still
 Than the light bird that flies unseen,
 While I shall span the swelling hill,
 My hope and heart between —
 Why, Boy; — thy cheek is blanched with fear,
 No harm can touch thee here.

IV.

Why dost thou hang thy heavy head;
 Thy hand upon mine own, why press'd? —
 The colour from thy cheek has fled
 And wildly throbs thy breast!
 I know thee, since that glance I've seen,
 My own dear Imogene.

THE SOLDIER.

"WHY go to the battle, dearest?" said the wife to her husband.

"Because we are oppressed, — and I owe my life to my country ; and you, love, would not wish your husband a laggard where honour called him, because danger stood in the way?"

"No ; if we could be certain that either honour or duty called, I would be the last to detain you ; though if you were killed, I could look to God alone for support or comfort in my desolation ; but remember, when you speak of patriotism, that those opposed to you have the same feelings as you, and were your friends and associates. Must they be wrong?"

But he listened not to her arguments ; and, taking one long kiss, laughed at her fears as he galloped to join his comrades. She was a woman, and reasoned from her cowardice.

It was after a skirmish that the soldier walked the battle field, amidst the dying and the dead — and, as he drove away, the birds of prey eagerly hovering over them — and listened to the groans of agony, and curses of despair, of those whose laugh he had often heard, and whose happiness he had daily witnessed ; he reflected whether any cause could justify so much misery.

He doubted whether those men would risk every thing to sustain a cause plainly wrong, — where nothing was to be gained and so much must be sacrificed ; and remembering that they who had persuaded him to seek the lives of his neighbours, risked nothing by their patriotism ; and, shunning the danger they persuaded others to encounter, seemed avaricious of any thing but the glory they extolled ; — he saw that a few mean politicians were the country he was serving ; and that he had been persuaded to revenge an imaginary wrong by a real injury. And he felt that patriotism might be a crime. Then his fond young wife, anxious, and alone, mourning his absence, and constantly trembling at the perils he encountered, came over his mind ; — he realized her miserable uncertainty ; and shuddering at her desolation if he should be slain, he wept. But the trumpet sounded ; discipline drove all softer feelings from his heart, and he rushed foremost in the battle's charge — a reckless instrument of destruction.

Gallantly he dashed on, if that can be called gallant where all thought is driven from the mind, and the man sees nought but the foe before him ; — his white plume could be seen tossing above the smoke, far in advance of his men ; — the square he was charging fired — his horse fell, and his comrades trampled over him on their way to victory.

His body was thrown into a pit with some hundred others — his name was omitted in the despatch which told the story of the battle in which he fell.

And thus ends the life of the SOLDIER !

Z.

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

OUR Western land can boast no lovelier spot.
 The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand,
 Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem
 Of this wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven
 Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast
 A curtained fringe depends, of golden mist,
 Touched by the slanting sunbeams; while below
 The silent river, with majestic sweep,
 Pursues his shadowed way, — his glassy face
 Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan
 To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.
 Talk ye of solitude? — It is not here.
 Nor silence. — Low, deep murmurs are abroad.
 Those towering hills hold converse with the sky
 That smiles upon their summits; — and the wind
 Which stirs their wooded sides, whispers of life,
 And bears the burthen sweet from leaf to leaf,
 Bidding the stately forest boughs look bright,
 And nod to greet his coming! — And the brook,
 That with its silvery gleam comes leaping down
 From the hill-side, has, too, a tale to tell;
 The wild bird's music mingles with its chime; —
 And gay young flowers, that blossom in its path,
 Send forth their perfume as an added gift.
 The river utters, too, a solemn voice,
 And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,
 When not a sound was heard along his shores,
 Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek
 Of some expiring captive, — and no bark
 E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves
 Are vocal often with the hunter's song; —
 Now visit, in their glad and onward course,
 The abodes of happy men — gardens and fields —
 And cultured plains — still bearing, as they pass,
 Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

The time has been, — so Indian legends say, —
 When here the mighty Delaware poured not
 His ancient waters through — but turned aside
 Through yonder dell, and washed those shaded vales.
 Then, too, these riven cliffs were one smooth hill,
 Which smiled in the warm sunbeams, and displayed
 The wealth of summer on its graceful slope.
 Thither the hunter chieftains oft repaired
 To light their council fires, — while its dim height,
 For ever veiled in mist, no mortal dared —
 'Tis said — to scale; save one white-haired old man,
 Who there held commune with the Indian's God,
 And thence brought down to men his high commands.

Years passed away — the gifted seer had lived
Beyond life's natural term, and bent no more
His weary limbs to seek the mountain's summit.
New tribes had filled the land, of fiercer mien,
Who strove against each other. Blood and death
Filled those green shades, where all before was peace,
And the stern warrior scalped his dying captive
E'en on the precincts of that holy spot
Where the Great Spirit had been. Some few, who mourned
The unnatural slaughter, urged the aged priest
Again to seek the consecrated height,
Succour from heaven, and mercy to implore. —
They watched him from afar. He laboured slowly
High up the steep ascent — and vanished soon
Behind the folded clouds, which clustered dark
As the last hues of sunset passed away.
The night fell heavily — and soon were heard
Low tones of thunder from the mountain top,
Muttering, and echoed from the distant hills
In deep and solemn peal, — while lurid flashes
Of lightning rent anon the gathering gloom.
Then wilder and more loud, a fearful crash
Burst on the startled ear; — the earth, convulsed,
Groaned from its solid centre — forests shook
For leagues around, — and by the sudden gleam
Which flung a fitful radiance on the spot,
A sight of dread was seen. The mount was rent
From top to base — and where so late had smiled
Green boughs and blossoms — yawned a frightful chasm,
Filled with unnatural darkness. — From afar,
The distant roar of waters then was heard;
They came — with gathering sweep — o'erwhelming all
That checked their headlong course; — the rich maize field, —
The low-roofed hut — its sleeping inmates — all —
Were swept in speedy, undistinguished ruin.
Morn looked upon the desolated scene
Of the Great Spirit's anger — and beheld
Strange waters passing through the cloven rocks: —
And men looked on in silence and in fear,
And far removed their dwellings from the spot,
Where now no more the hunter chased his prey,
Or the war-whoop was heard. — Thus years went on;
Each trace of desolation vanished fast;
Those bare and blackened cliffs were overspread
With fresh green foliage, and the swelling earth
Yielded her stores of flowers to deck their sides.
The river passed majestically on
Through his new channel — verdure graced his banks; —
The wild bird murmured sweetly as before
In its beloved woods, — and nought remained, —
Save the wild tales which savage chieftains told, —
To mark the change celestial vengeance wrought.

E. F. E.

THE HUES OF AUTUMN.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

But every drop this living tree contains
 Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
 * * * * *
 Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renewed.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

"THOSE bones, stranger?" said the pioneer, "why, that ignorant varmint can tell you nothing about them — they were the frame-work of men who kicked their shins against these knobs a million years before his people came here to scare game and burn the Prairies."

The Indian evidently understood the words of the rough hunter, though he did not vouchsafe a reply to the hereditary enemy of his race. He did not seem, however, to take offence at the interruption, but waiting patiently until the other had finished, he drew his blanket around him, and rising to his feet, stood erect upon the mound. The light of our fire was thrown full upon his attenuated features, and lit them up with almost as ruddy a glow as that which bathed the autumnal foliage behind him. He was mute for some minutes, and then spoke to this effect :

"Yes, they were here before my people. But they could not stay when we came, no more than the Red-man now can bide before the presence of the Long-knife. The Master of Life willed it, and our fathers swept them from the land. The Master of Life now wishes to call back his red people to the blessed gardens whence they first started, and he sends the Pale-faces to drive them from the countries which they have learnt to love so well as to be unwilling to leave them.

"It is good. Men were meant to grow from the earth like the oak that springs in the pine barren, or the evergreen that shoots from the ground where the tree with a falling leaf has been cut down.

"But listen, brother! Mark you the hue that dyes every leaf upon that tree? It is born of the red water with which its roots were nourished a thousand years ago. It is the blood of a murdered race, which flushes every autumn over the land, when yearly the moon comes round that saw it perish from this ground."

MS. Travels.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

LEGENDS OF A LOG CABIN. By a Western Man. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 277. N. York: George Dearborn. We have some scruples of delicacy in speaking of this work as it deserves, from the fact of the American Monthly having been indebted to its author for many of its most valuable contributions. Two of them, "The Wyandotte's Story," and "The Frenchman's Story" are embodied in the present work, and they who recollect the harrowing picture of border feud portrayed in the first, and the exquisite pathos with which the last moments of Malesherbes are described in the last, will need no new recommendation of the nervous writings of an author, whose versatility is proved, by the contents of this volume, to be equal to his power. Hall or Neville, (the author of Mike Fink the last of the Boatmen) are the only writers who have produced any thing so thoroughly *western* as "The Hunter's Vow," the principal tale in the collection; and "The Yankee's Story" is as completely *eastern* as the most life-like of Hackett's drolleries. "The Heiress of Brandsby," "The Englishman's Story," and "The Minute Men," are again as different from the rest, and from each other, as if each were by a separate hand.

More we could add in their praise; but we fear that, considering the premises, we have already broken through a becoming reserve, by venturing to say what we have; and yet with our earnest appreciation of writings so vigorous and original, it would be difficult to have spoken less. We commit these "Legends of a Log Cabin," with confidence to those who take pleasure in hailing the appearance of a new native author, when his claims are so decided as those of this Western writer.

REVISTA MEXICANA. Periodica científico y literario: No. 1. Mexico. Impreso por Ignacio Camplido, calle de los Rebeldes, casa No. 2, 1835. This is the first number of a Mexican periodical, upon a very extensive plan. It is to be published in numbers of about one hundred pages, and to appear every two months. Politics are totally excluded from its pages, but it will contain extracts from the principal European works on science; original communications on literature, arts, the sciences, voyages, discoveries, inventions, and antiquities; literary notices and sketches of the lives and works of eminent men. The review will be conducted by an association of learned individuals of different professions; and the great object it professes, is to

enlighten and instruct the Mexican public. Such an object in every state, but particularly in a new state like Mexico, where general education has made little progress, is worthy of all respect and sympathy, and recommends itself most favourably to the notice of an enlightened government. Accordingly, in a report made to the General Congress of Mexico in March last, a just notice is taken of this attempt to extend the bounds of knowledge, and it appears that this Review has received the immediate protection and patronage of the government. We cannot pass by this report,—it is drawn up by the Secretary of State, Jose Maria Gutierrez de Estrada, and embraces an admirable view of the domestic situation and the foreign relations of the Republic, together with projects of laws for carrying into effect the views maintained in the report. It contains proofs of an enlightened judgment, just sentiments, and sound practical views on the most important subjects of foreign and internal policy; and we do not hesitate to say, it would be most creditable to any country, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic. Happy, indeed, would it be for Mexico, if the principles of this report could be acknowledged and gradually carried into execution. But we are afraid that that day is yet far off; and that disorder, and revolution, and usurpation, are destined to produce many successive harvests of blood, and ignorance, and oppression.

But to return from this digression: the Report recommends that the commission charged with editing this Review should be named by the government—showing the strong interest the then existing government felt in the extension of information and learning. Though we should be in general averse to such protection, as opposed to entire independence of thought, which is the very soul of literary labour, yet in Mexico the actual position of affairs, perhaps, required such an arrangement. As far as we can judge from the present number there is no reason to regret it.

The first article contains a refutation of the ideas of Robertson the historian, touching the capacity of the Indians. Though the subject is by no means new, and the refutation has long ago taken place, the article is well written and the facts well stated. 2. On the necessity of a critical discrimination in the sciences. 3. A copy of the proceedings and sentence of the Duke of Híjar. 4. Historical do-

cuments touching the reign of Philip the 4th. 5. A chronological notice of some of the voyages and maritime discoveries of the Spaniards. 6. A very interesting sketch of the celebrated Dona Beatrise de Bobadilla. 7. On the Asiatic and Japanese origin of some tribes on the table land of Bogota. 8. A review of the poetry of Manuel Breton de los Herreros; and different articles on the preservation of corn and other grains; on the *guaco* as an antidote to the bite of serpents, (a fact which seems clearly shown,) and various literary notices.

Such is a sketch of the contents of this number of the *Revista Mexicana*. We should be happy if our space allowed us to speak more particularly of each article. The work appears to be edited by men of varied learning, and is eminently calculated, we think, to contribute to the extension of useful knowledge and learning in Mexico. We trust it may be successful, and that the editors may ultimately rejoice in the fruit of their praiseworthy labours. To our readers of Spanish here we can safely recommend this interesting periodical.

SHIP AND SHORE; by an Officer of the U. S. Navy: 1 vol. Leavitt, Lord & Co. It is with peculiar interest that we always welcome a new work by an American officer. The army and navy of our country, small as they are, abound in clever and well-educated men, whose opportunities for acquiring novel and interesting information, much exceed those of their fellow-citizens generally; and whose pursuits are far less foreign to habits of literary composition than theirs who are immersed in the sordid cares of business. And yet neither service, until recently, has contributed its just quota to the slender force of our rising literature. The navy, indeed, which has hitherto decidedly taken the lead, may be said to offer superior opportunities for literary endeavour, in the various scenes, countries, and characters, which a nautical career opens to its officers. But the other service, while it everywhere affords greater leisure and seclusion, supplies, at least in our frontier stations, abundant materials of the most novel description. The different result, we think, may be attributable solely to that want of confidence in themselves, which is apt to steal over men who have been long withdrawn from society, and who can with difficulty be persuaded that any thing is hoarded within their isolated communities, that could interest the bustling world, which they only know at a distance. We trust, however, that the example of Lieut. Slidell, and others in the sister service, will ultimately awaken a spirit of generous emulation among the

officers of the army, and produce something more generally interesting than the scientific reports, which, however valuable in themselves, are lost to the public from being shut up in the departments at Washington.

The subject of the volume before us is a cruise in the Levant, where the incidents of sea life are agreeably mixed up with vivid sketches of scenery and manners, striking historical allusions, and reflections upon character and customs, ingenious, spirited, and entertaining. The style, though ambitiously ornate and redundant, is still full of life, and carries the reader along most agreeably through many a scene that offers a favourable display for an author's descriptive powers. The tone of feeling, too, throughout the work, is in good taste and if it be a fair reflection of the mind of the author, proves him to be one with whom the reader might cultivate a further acquaintance to advantage; and we shall, for our own part, be unfeignedly happy to accompany him in his proposed excursions to the strand of Ilium—through the romantic dells of Belgrade—along the beautiful banks of the Bosphorus, and among the purple isles of the *Ægean*.

SKETCHES OF THE WEST. By James Hall. 2 vols. Harrison Hall, Philadelphia. Some loose sheets of this forthcoming work have been politely forwarded to us by the publisher; and we are happy to perceive by them, that amid the crop of new writers now rising on the teeming West, the veteran Hall is still afield. The present work, though describing much that is interesting in life and manners, will be chiefly valuable from the historical information embodied in it relating to the tramontane region. In a country that has grown so rapidly, every thing that marks the progress of society is fleeting and evanescent; the foot-prints of the pioneer disappear like a track upon frost, which the sun will not allow to lie; and the trail of the hunter is trod into a turnpike by the artisan, even while we try to trace where his daring steps first led. It is worthy of Judge Hall, who is so great a favourite among the adopted sons of the West, to arrest and preserve the transitory memorials of the times and the people, which first laid the basis of her wealth and carved out her path to glory. We shall look for his forthcoming work with no slight interest.

THEATRE.—“Paris is France.” In reference to our theatrical world, the same remark will apply to our Old Drury. The focus where centres histrionic talent from all parts of the world—the fountain whence we are used to draw the earliest

intelligence of the latest and most approved Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, and Opera. A classic spot, hallowed by reminiscences of Cooke, and Kean, of Kemble, and Matthews. And there we have lent our willing souls to the rich pathos of Incedon, and, in later days, paid our homage to the magic of Malibran.

The last month at the Park has given the play-going public a rich earnest of what they may expect during the winter campaign. In Tragedy, there is the classic and unrivalled Miss Phillips: in genteel Comedy, Abbott, one of the chastest performers in his line that we have had among us. There is Hackett, inimitable in his way. And in Music, the Woods, ever favourites here, have returned; and with them comes Mr. Brough, a very pleasing singer, and possessing, as an actor, highly respectable abilities. Of these last, so well known and duly appreciated, it would be idle to speak at length. One or two remarks, however, in justice to them, will not be deemed hypercritical in reference to the orchestra. We assure the managers that we only echo the opinion of very many, in saying, that some little amendment is needed there. It is true, that it comprehends more than one excellent artiste; but why, when New-York possesses such abundant material, should it not be excellent itself? Why is it that the talent which is scattered about this city, and divided among our Theatres and public Gardens, cannot be concentrated at least on opera nights? One other bit of criticism, and we have done. — We were present the other evening at the performance of *Robert the Devil*. — This opera, it is well known, depends for great part of its effect upon scenery and decoration, and the “*mis en scene*,” (we think it is called) in Paris, where government pays, is said to have cost 40,000 francs. Of course, we cannot expect, with the uncertain patronage of our money-loving metropolis, to rival this, but it did strike us that the Prince of Granada was hardly a prince in point of equipment, and that dirty white cravats, black tights, rusty boots, and other like eccentricities, were somewhat out of place amid the lordly tournaments, the Paladins and knights of the middle ages.

The stock company of the Park is at present, we will venture to assert, one of the best in the world. Such performers as Placide, Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Chapman, Richings, and Latham, in their several walks, may challenge competition from any stage in Christendom, and prove the truth of the remark — “That we are generally blindest to that which is nearest.”

Placide is a striking instance of the power of merit, unassuming and unassisted. He has, for thirteen years, pursued the “noiseless tenor of his way,” playing for

poor pay and thin benefits; while more noisy, though inferior, competitors, have been riding upon the breath of fashion and partizan applause to opulence.

The irresistible testimony of strangers and friends have, at length, awakened the public to his real worth; and we see with unfeigned pleasure, that a number of our most respectable citizens have paid him the compliment of a public dinner, and are about adding the more substantial tribute of a public Benefit, which we are free to say was never better deserved.

We regret that our limits do not permit us to enlarge here upon a theme of which little has been said by our public journals, but which confers more credit upon the veteran manager of this establishment, than even the enterprize and perseverance with which he has so long catered for the amusement of the public. We allude to the excellent police and good taste in its arrangements, which give a respectable and metropolitan character to this theatre, and make the average of its audiences superior to any in the Union. An ever vigilant attention to this department can alone secure the habitual attendance of refined females at a theatre; and it is from their customary presence that an audience receives its tone.

MISS COOPER.—This most interesting young actress has just concluded a short engagement at the Bowery, — the early field of Forrest and other popular favourites, — but still not the atmosphere in which the young promise of a flower so delicate should ripen to maturity. It matters but little where a man carves his way to honours — but if there be any place where a sensitive female needs the support and countenance of the more refined portion of her sex, it is the stage.

The energy and spirit which occasionally mark Miss Cooper's performance are not, indeed, lost here; but the blending of girlish modesty and womanly dignity, which give an almost painful interest to her acting, must be thrown away upon an audience whose tastes are formed upon the meretricious attractions of a French dancer. Miss Cooper has judgment, expression, and power; but the great charm of her playing is that already hinted at. It is the lady-like and maidenly grace which characterize all her movements, and which, subtracting something in the reserve that attends it from her merit as a player, adds a novel and peculiar attraction to her performance as a female. We trust that her engagement in this city will be renewed after that which she has gone to fulfil in Albany is concluded. Mr. Cooper appears to have recruited wonderfully on his southern campaign. We could recognize in his Duke Aranza, the other night, much of the spirit and grace of his proudest days.